

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

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A SUMMER'S REST AT ROUND LAKE.



THE ROUND LAKE HOTEL.

WHERE shall we go this year? The Summer heats will soon be here, when it will be unfashionable if not unwholesome to remain in town. The seaside? The ocean is always sublime, but the air scarcely differs from that of our seaboard cities, and we need a change. The mountains? Their inexhaustible variety will never pall, but then we have "done" the White Mountains, explored the Catskills and encamped among the Adirondacks in years gone by; and, besides, solitude sometimes becomes oppressive. We need companionship and we want variety. Saratoga would supply the first. Too much of a good thing; besides, a great fashionable crowd is the lone-

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liest sort of solitude, and, to say truth, we are heartily sick of "Summer resorts," with their smoking, drinking, and gambling. "The world, the flesh, and the devil," hold undisputed sway at the great watering-places, and we long for gentler rule. Have you ever tried a fashionable camp-meeting? Do n't shrink with denominational prejudice, but just try Round Lake. The very spot for novelty if nothing more, for complete separation from the unholy triad, for social companionship with the good, for busy idleness and complete rest; and so we decide to come to Round Lake.

Now for the preparations. What shall we take? That depends on how you are going



to live. The hotel contains every comfort, and a Summer wardrobe is all one will need there. But hotel life is no novelty. Why not, since we are to spend the Summer in camp, really camp out? That is all very well for ten days or a fortnight; but for weeks or months, perhaps, and for long storms, it will hardly do. Besides, the tents do n't mean to stay all Summer and we do. Suppose we hire one of the many furnished

cottages which are always to let, and for the Summer time feel at home beneath our own vine and fig tree as symbolized by pine boards and a shingle roof. And now you know what to take, extra pillows and beds, for those of Round Lake do not tempt to unnecessary repose, fancy camp and garden chairs, toilet covers, pictures, and books (a few); in a word, such knickknacks as shall make our cottage as pretty and tasteful a little

baby-house as the others which nestle among the trees, or form the magic circle. And do n't forget the umbrellas, waterproofs, and overshoes, for we are to take our meals at hotel or restaurant, and there will come to Round Lake days in which the Summer rain will come down as though the very skies had opened their flood-gates upon us, and there will be no arks to float us over the rushing torrents between the trees.

What route shall we take? That depends upon where we are going from. If from the great city whence all other good things as well as many bad ones proceed, the Hudson River day and night boats connect with the Saratoga trains, or a through ticket by the New York Central will carry us to the picturesque depot built on the very edge of the woods, and with one step, no staging, no tedious waiting, no vexatious changes, we are at our destination, our Summer rest. Of course, the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad brings visitors from the north and by cross-roads from the east and west, while for those who come in their own teams, as such multitudes do, a fee of twenty-five cents admits them to the new entrance at the end of Burlington Avenue, where are ample stables and sheds for their accommodation.

And now we stand upon the ground, let us take a first glimpse. To the left stands the hotel, covering what was a piece of waste land bordering a swamp, at our last visit, four years ago. It was built by the Association in 1878, at an expense of twenty-five thousand dollars, and is under the same management as that of the "boarding tents," or great dining hall, kept open only during the meetings, that of E. H. Armstrong & Co. It is a fair specimen of a Summer hotel, clean, sweet, and fresh, rooms comfortable and table excellent and remarkably well served, while we are surprised at the reasonableness of its terms, two dollars a day to transients and from eight dollars to twelve dollars a week for permanent boarders. It has about one hundred rooms, a broad, shady piazza, and is, of course, a temperance house. The tasteful manner in which the grounds surrounding it, vast as they are, are laid out

is specially worthy of note, and the situation, near to the depot, yet removed from the camp-ground proper, serves to make it an exceedingly pleasant Summer retreat,

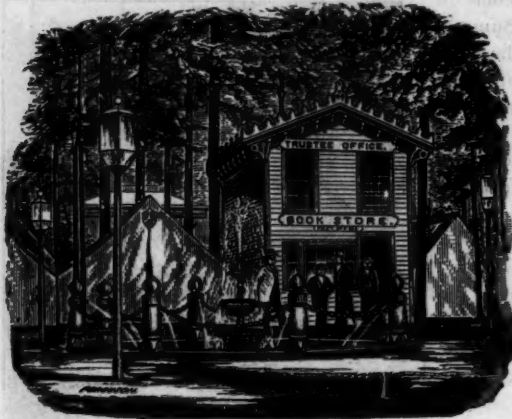


BOAT LANDING, ROUND LAKE.

even for families who are not especially in sympathy with the other objects of the Association.

But we are bound farther inland, so we turn up Fletcher Avenue, and walk between rows of cottages, vine-clad and ornamented with flower-beds, lamenting only their close proximity and the narrow avenue of separation, till we reach the center of the Forest City—Fountain Square. All of us may not be equally sensitive to beauty, but every one must remember the sensations which accompanied the first sight of this lovely spot. A pure, white basin it was when we first saw it, into which a central fountain and eight white jets are constantly pouring limpid water of a slightly emerald hue, suggestive, one would suppose, of innumerable sermons by the preachers on the water of life, the ever-flowing fountain, etc. In front of this, across a small park of tall trees, stands the dining-hall, and in front the trustees' office and the book-store, forming the two entrance pillars to the gateway, always closed during service, above which is painted in colored letters, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

But now we have to choose a dwelling, and multitudes of these little "shingle palaces," as Charles Dickens once christened our American architecture, pass in review



BOOK-STORE AND TRUSTEES OFFICE.

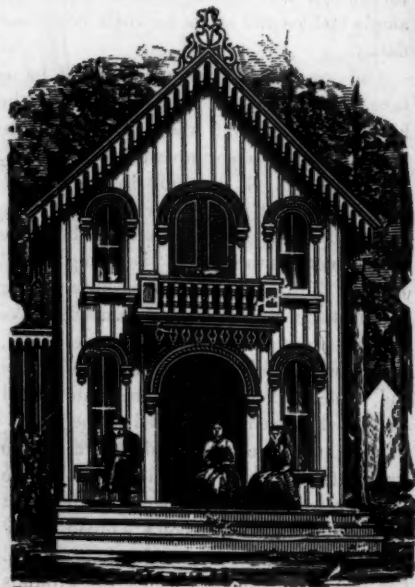
before us. At length we are settled in our "own hired house;" our knickknacks have made the five rooms—parlor, dining-room, and kitchen on the ground-floor, with three tiny but airy bed-rooms above—quite home-like and habitable, and we sit on the piazza in front looking up at the moonlight between the trees with a sense of citizenship which will not be lessened when we retire to rest, with open doors and windows, if we so choose, since, under the guardianship of the nightly patrol of policemen, there is none to "molest us or make us afraid."

How do we spend our days in camp? With perfect freedom, you may be sure; formalities of dress and conventionalism have been left behind; there is pleasant companionship if one desires it, or complete solitude in shady nooks and upon rustic seats, if that is preferred; people gather in groups and chat, or wander about and think. There is not much work done, all have come here to rest. One day's occupations are much like those of another. Let us have a picture of a day at Round Lake. Whence came that dish which fills our center-table this early morning with pure beauty and fragrance? Ah! some one has been up earlier than we. Bessie has had a morning

row across Round Lake, and passing through the channel only a few rods in length, has entered the little Crystal Lake, about one-eighth the size of its sister, and brought

thence that group of lovely water-lilies. Every morning of the season shall we see them upon the table, and all Summer will youths and maidens be decorated with these emblems of purity. Let us pause to think how much of our enjoyment is to depend upon the lake formerly called Tanendahowa. Quiet rows at early morning, noon, or night are to be had in its many boats at the modest price of twenty cents an hour. The spot is a capital one for the practice of this most healthful occupation, smooth water, about one mile across in either direction, or three miles around, and the old boatman assures

us there has never been an accident. Moreover there is a gay little steamboat ready to steam up for a party of eight or more, and a barge for excursions, which will contain a much larger number. And then if John



COTTAGE FOR PRESIDING OFFICERS OF THE MEETING.

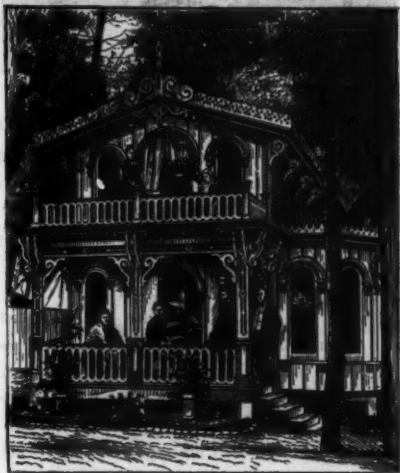


JOSEPH HILLMAN, PRESIDENT.

has brought his fishing-rod he will find good sport here, for the lake is well stocked with native perch as well as the exotic bass, of which several thousands were imported five years ago, and fishing is allowed at all times. There is also a swimming-rink brought from Troy in 1879, and set up in the lake at an expense of two thousand dollars; but as yet it has not been very largely patronized. The lake is reached by a tunnel running under the high road which cuts the shore of the Round Lake grounds.

We are up too late for the lilies, but it is *en regle* to take a before-breakfast walk to the mineral spring, standing close to the hotel and covered by a graceful canopy, whether we are in need of its virtues or not. This spring has a history. As Round Lake stands in line with Saratoga and Ballston, it occurred to some wise heads among the trustees that in its precincts also might be found valuable and salubrious mineral waters. Geologists surveyed the land and decided that such might be struck at twelve hundred feet below the surface, and an appropriation of five thousand dollars was made with which to commence the boring. A religious service was held in 1875, when Bishop Janes and Mr. Hillman each took hold of the borer and gave the first turn,

prayers and other brief exercises being participated in by the bishop and several other prominent speakers. Deeper and deeper went the borers, pure water and white sulphur water being successively reached, but still no mineral spring till at the twelve hundredth foot the five thousand dollars was exhausted, and the courage of the association began to flag. But after an offer from the president to take the whole off its hands, they finally concluded to risk another thousand dollars, and just before the fourteen hundredth foot of depth was reached the water followed the borer to the surface. Another service of jubilant thanksgiving was held as the water spouted bubbling and boiling up to the surface; the work was completed at an added expense of six thousand dollars, and it has since been decided to be

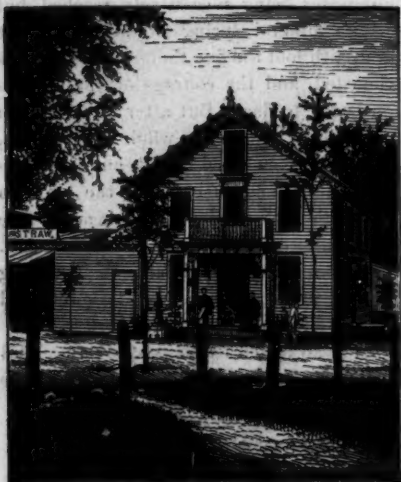


COTTAGE OF JOSEPH HILLMAN, PRESIDENT, 1880.

the most beneficial of the many springs in this region of country.*

*This water was analyzed by Dr. C. F. Chandler, and found to contain in each U. S. gallon, of 231 cubic inches: Chloride of sodium, 394.29 grains; chloride of potassium, 9.43; bromide of sodium, 1.47; iodide of sodium, 1.31; bicarbonate of lithia, 2.74; bicarbonate of soda, 48.98; bicarbonate of magnesia, 9.78; bicarbonate of lime, 13.44; bicarbonate of strontia, 1.20; bicarbonate of baryta, .55; bicarbonate of iron, .63; bicarbonate of manganese, .07; sulphate of potassa, 1.03; phosphate of soda, .02; alumina, .08; silica, 1.22; with traces of fluoride of sodium, biborate of soda, and organic matter. The density is 1, or a trifle over.

Breakfast over we will take a little drive to "view the land," its natural beauties, and well planned and executed "improvements." The circuit of the grounds is about one



COTTAGE OF J. D. RODGERS, SUPERINTENDENT.

mile, the area, two hundred acres, divided into over one thousand lots, of which about eight hundred have been sold and on which over two hundred cottages have been built. These cottages are generally planned with taste, and great pains is taken in the cultivation of door-yards, little flower-beds, creepers, and the like. They are interspersed with sunny lawns, parks of various shapes and sizes, sparkling fountains, and open squares. The association was formed in 1868, and for eleven years has, with few changes, continued to manage the enterprise with consummate skill. The rules of government are strict, and administered by an efficient police, in consequence of which a quieter, more orderly community in a neater, better kept town can not be found in the land. The grove of trees is the glory of Round Lake; many of them are nearly one hundred feet in height, and are found in great variety. Over thirty species have been noticed without reckoning the undergrowth. The very birds and squirrels twitter among the branches or skip along the ground, stopping now and then for a saucy look at their human companions, for, the

use of fire-arms being interdicted, they are utterly devoid of fear, and rather enjoy the Summer season when they have so many visitors. The soil, a coarse, light gravel, renders the spot singularly free from malarial influences, the perfect cleanliness and good management prevent the usual evils of massing so large a body of people, and the elevation of the grove, sixty-five to eighty-five feet above the lake, gives the air a purity and freshness conducive to perfect health.

The stand, seats, double circle of tents, with their radiating avenues, and surrounded by Wesley Avenue, with its outer ring of cottages, as well as the dining-hall and the majority of buildings, are all within the grove, but just beyond the land suddenly falls off toward the lake, and here on the sunny slope and meadow are built many beautiful Summer homes. Nor must we forget the "cottage," or rather commodious home of Captain J. D. Rodgers, the superintendent, who lives here and keeps things straight "all the year round."

But is there not some monotony of occupation as the days go by? No, indeed!



COTTAGE OF REV. B. L. IVES, AUBURN.

This is a beautiful morning for "Palestine Park," a miniature representation of the Lord's Land. Clear sunshine, fleecy clouds mirrored in the smooth lake, and just enough

breeze to prevent the heat, from which there is no shelter, from being oppressive. The scale of the park, constructed in 1878 by Rev. W. W. Wythe, M. D., at an expense of twelve thousand dollars, is two and a half feet to a mile horizontal measure, and four hundred feet to one vertical. This scale is greater than that of Chautauqua, and the faults of that first attempt have been corrected by the architect of both. We notice this especially in the piles of cement and stone intended to represent the great mountains of Hermon and Lebanon, whose jagged edges as well

as the winding paths by which they may be ascended, give a genuine impression of mountains on a small scale. The rivers, whose distinct banks of concrete confine the tiny streams and prevent the absorption of their waters, are fed by an ingenious system of underground pipes which run from a building wherein machinery is constantly at work pumping up water from the "Dead Sea," in which is a natural mineral spring strongly impregnated with iron. The entire size of the park is five hundred feet in length by two hundred and fifty in breadth. Such an object lesson can not but be of great value to the Sunday-school people who congregate at the Sunday-school Assemblies held here every Summer; and, indeed, we never feel the reality of sacred scenes and incidents so vividly as when studying Samson's exploits in full sight of Gaza, reading Jacob's vision at Bethel, looking up from the narrow valley in which lies Shechem, and listening to the curses and blessings from Gerizim and Ebal, rising abruptly on either side. Bethlehem, Cana, Capernaum, Nazareth—how vividly they call up pictures in the life of Jesus! while, as we look from the height of Carmel to the Bay of Acre, we have

a sudden vision of the romance of the Middle Ages, the chivalry and the rivalries, the successes and failures, of the Crusades. Before leaving the inclosure we must look at



TEST AT ROUND LAKE.

the larger model of the Holy City on a scale of one foot to one hundred and fifty, where on a circular wooden scaffolding one may "go round about Jerusalem and tell the towers thereof."

Another morning we take the train to Ballston or Saratoga, and, spending the day among the noise and confusion of the butterfly throng, return in the cool and quiet evening to rejoice in our sacred rest; and if it be Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, attend the children's meeting, or the regular prayer-meetings, and feel that we have not, as is done in so many Summer wanderings, left our religion with our Winter life at home.

Yesterday we took a lovely drive through a smiling rather than a romantic country to the White Sulphur Springs, five miles off, on the shore of Saratoga Lake. This is the favorite drive from here, and as we often take it with our visiting friends we are familiar with the road and its points of interest, among which is an old Dutch stone mansion, built of cement, in which are embedded cobble-stones gathered by the first owner from his farm, and sifted that they might be of uniform size; also a church seventy-five years old, said to have originated

In a drunken frolic, two of the revelers when sober keeping the promises made when drunk, and giving the building to the village of Round Lake, with the sole condition that it



COTTAGE OF DR. BENJAMIN KING, N. Y.

should be occupied by Christians of all denominations, a condition still religiously adhered to.

But our quiet mornings and sleepy afternoons are soon broken in upon by the busy preparations for the camp-meeting which is soon to begin. Come down to the depot and note the arrivals; it is still two days to the meeting, but those who mean to enjoy it always come early. What a heterogeneous mass of baggage! Chairs, beds, tubs, stoves, kitchen utensils, books, ornaments, pictures, and wearing apparel are grouped together in picturesque confusion; carts, loading and depositing their contents, tent-raising, bunk-erecting, and straw-bed making, the sound of the hammer from morning till night, mingled with the merry chatter of voices, the greeting of old friends, the laugh of happy children and the cry of tired ones—what a novel scene! You may be wearied and amused, but you will never be grieved by the sound of oaths or the utterance of angry words. What relishing dinners are eaten on barrel-heads, or *al fresco* on the ground, and what rueful faces appear at the discovery that the most necessary articles

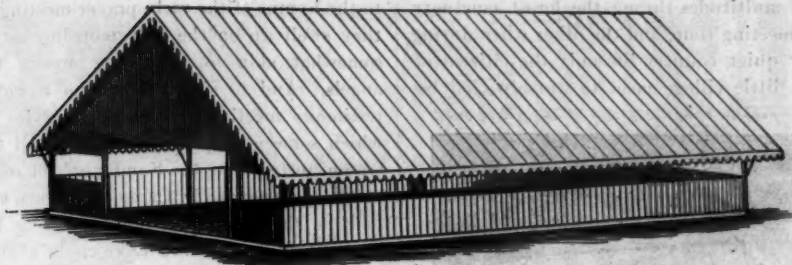
are those which have been left behind; what curious and ingenious contrivances are improvised to supply the want of shelves, drawers, and home conveniences! But all is settled at last and the little canvas home in the wilderness looks so home-like one can hardly realize that it is only to last for ten days.

But I am admonished that this rustic picture is rather a thing of the past in the early days of our Summer home. Now tenting is rather at a discount, the accommodation at cottages being so ample that the more primitive style of lodging is only needful in cases of an uncommon crowd, while the appliances of civilized life have so multiplied at Round Lake that one would almost as soon carry furniture or cooking utensils to Saratoga as here.

To the camp-meeting routine you will soon get accustomed, and you are at liberty to attend as many meetings or as few as you choose. The preaching is of every grade, and it will be hard if your tastes, spiritual or intellectual, are not gratified. To a student of human nature the gathered congregations give a never-failing occupation. Here come a farmer with his family and picnic basket, and there a group of exquisites from Saratoga, whose brilliancy of costume draws grave disapprobation from the few remaining primitive Methodists, in sad-colored dresses without ornament or superfluity. Great crowds come on some days, especially Sundays, when the gates are closed from ten till four; in consequence of



COTTAGE OF J. W. OSBORN, ALBANY.



TABERNACLE FOR PRAYER-MEETINGS, ETC.

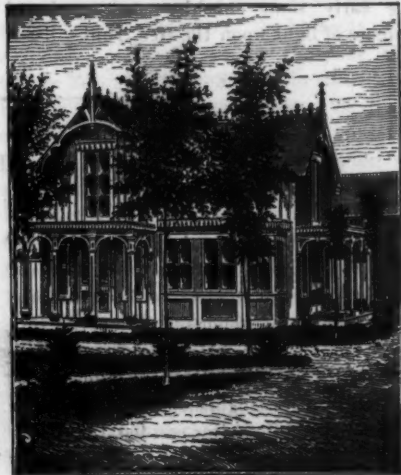
which, though there are often additional thousands present, perfect order and decorum are preserved throughout the day. The auditorium, with the stand decorated as it is on these festival occasions with hanging baskets, floral devices, and garlands of ever-green fronting the white seats, is packed with a dense mass of people. This, with the standing multitude often reaching to the very doors of the double concentric ring of white tents, constitutes a picture to be photographed and carried away for a life study.

The success of an enterprise must be judged by its results in the line of its legitimate purpose; and surely, in its spiritual aspect, that of Round Lake has been complete. Never has the social or recreative element been allowed to encroach upon the higher object to which a camp-ground is dedicated, and, in consequence, there is a feeling of quiet holiness pervading the place which we have never known elsewhere. To particularize the many meetings, Sunday-school assemblies, and temperance gatherings, which have from time during the past ten years been held here, would be foreign to the scope of this article. Perhaps the grandest and most far-reaching in its influence is the "National Camp-meeting for the Promotion of Holiness," held in 1873. The multitude which thronged the grounds during its session is almost beyond computation, over twenty thousand people having on several occasions been present at once.

But, perhaps, the meetings of most significant import were the two great fraternal meetings presided over by the sainted Bishop Janes in 1874 and 1875, which have done more than any other agency to heal the

breach between the long divided Methodist Episcopal Church North and South, many of whose ministers and bishops learned anew under these trees the old lesson of "how sweet and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Another very interesting meeting was the Union Evangelistic Camp-meeting of 1877, in which all denominations took part, and a delightful spirit of unity and brotherhood prevailed. Since 1877 a grand Sunday-school assembly has been held here each year, that of 1878 being conducted by Dr. Vincent, with, of course, complete success.



COTTAGE OF A. BIRCH, AMSTERDAM.

Also, during the past two years, there have here been held important temperance meetings directed by Mr. Murphy and others.

To see Round Lake in its glory we must spend at least two Sundays here—one, when

the multitudes throng the forest sanctuary in meeting time, and the other when during our quiet country life only the citizens of the little village meet to worship God be-



COTTAGE OF HON. GEORGE WEST, BALLSTON.

neath the whispering trees. To wake with the six o'clock bell, and, while glancing at the early slant sunshine making broad patches of light upon the tree trunks, listen

to the hymns of the early prayer-meeting as they swell up on the still morning air, is somewhat akin to awakening among the angels. And to sit through the morning testimony meeting, the morning service, at which some good preacher officiates all the season, to teach in the Sunday-school regularly superintended by Captain Rodgers, and to close the day with a praise meeting led by the far-famed Round Lake choir, always and ever with the accompaniments of quivering leaves, singing birds, and the indescribable hush which tells that nature knows it is Sunday, is to realize for one's self that "the groves were God's first temples," and that a camp-ground may be the very "gate of heaven."

But all good things must have an end. The season is drawing to a close. August evenings are chilly for out-door services, August nights cold for sleeping in tents or pine cottages with unplastered walls. September is near, and so is our fitting, but as our steps and thoughts turn homeward towards the conventionalities and duties of civilized city life we will imprint upon our memories one last enduring photograph of our Summer's rest at beautiful Round Lake.

RAPHAEL.

FIRST PAPER.

DOWN the road of iron from Bologna, the capital of the Romagna, that old Etruscan town at the base of the Apennines, which boasts the honor of an imperial residence and one of the world's oldest universities, where once ten thousand students sat at the feet of distinguished professors of the sterner and of the fairer sex too, the intelligent traveler, bound for Italy's free harbor of Ancona, so named on account of its position in an angle of the Adriatic coast, halts at the city of Pesaro. This is the old home of the dukes of Urbino, who made it one of the cradles of Italian art and literature. It is the Weimar of Italy. It is the birthplace, too, of the celebrated Rossini, whom the

French delight to claim as one of their most illustrious composers because he dwelt most of his active life in Paris, but whom the Italians refused to surrender, and in self-protection surnamed "the Swan of Pesaro," that in after years the birthplace of the author of "Stabat Mater" might not be a matter of dispute between divers cities and countries.

The Valley of Foglia, in which Pesaro is situated, has, however, still greater attractions than are found where the land falls into the sea. Five hours back from the Adriatic in a south-easterly direction and pressing high up into the barrenness of the central Apennines, on a bold cliff, over the



THE SACRIFICE AT LYSTRÆ.

brawling Metaurus, where one commands a distant view of the blue sea, lies sequestered the old little university town of Urbino. In the fifteenth century it was "the Italian Athens," in the nineteenth century it is the Stratford of Italy. We are not drawn to Urbino because it bears the name of the illustrious house whose Frederigo di Montefetto, as first duke of Urbino (1410-1482), inspired the first stirrings of the Italian Renaissance, and for fourteen years kept twenty or thirty copyists at work transcribing Greek and Latin manuscripts, which now, bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps, enrich the Vatican library at Rome, or whose Giovanni della Rovere, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV, and last duke of Urbino (1548-1631), gave his almost exhaustless treasures for the completion, in its fullest fruition, of like glorious work, nor because the town contains much that recalls its pristine splendor. We jog along for five or six hours over an uneven hilly road in an Italian stage, to reach at last this ancient mountain town, because it is the birthplace of the prince of artists. We make our pilgrimage to the Stratford of the Shakespeare of painters.

In Strada del Monte, so called because it

is situated on a steep hill-side up which the pack-mules clamber, cat-like, over rugged stone steps, we halt before an old rickety stone building, whose lower portion is used as a blacksmith shop. Over a little, narrow entrance, which admits to the hall-way and staircase of the house, we decipher the figures 276. This is the house in which the world's greatest painter, Raphael Santi, is supposed to have spent the earliest years of his life. Over the door of the shop an inscription, engraved on a stone tablet, informs the observing passer-by that this house was the dwelling-place of the family of Santi, when Raphael was born, on the 6th of April, 1483. Tradition is ever busy with the boyhood of great men, and often whispers more than it knows. So little is positively known about the first years of Raphael's life that we are skeptical about 276 Strada del Monte being his birthplace; but there is a great likelihood that it was once the dwelling place of the Santi family, and that it has some historical connection with the subject of our sketch. Let the fact that it is now reverently preserved and held as public property persuade us to abandon all our skepticism and foster the belief of the multitude.

Raphael was born in one of the most favor-

able hours of modern history. He was swept into the domain of Italian art in the high tide of Europe's reawakening, in the full noonday splendor of the Italian Renaissance. There is no more memorable period as yet in the new history than that which closes the fifteenth century. Indeed, it must ever remain memorable in the annals of the human race. It marks the beginning of one of the great transitional eras of history. Its changes were in so many directions. There was first the ending of the feudal system and the re-establishment of organized government. Then there was the contest between Christian and Saracen, ending in the downfall of Constantinople and the general distribution of Hellenic art and culture among the different nations of Western Europe. And lastly, but most worthy of note, within this era is the start which invention and discovery took. A new life had come into the industries, sciences, and arts. "All was renewed," says Taine; "America and the Indies were added to the map of the world; the shape of the earth was ascertained, the system of the universe propounded, modern philology was inaugurated, the experimental sciences set on foot, art and literature shot forth like a harvest; . . . there was no province of human intelligence and action which was not refreshed and fertilized by this universal effort." This was Europe's grand age and the most notable epoch of human progress.

To be sure the world had been moving onward ever since the opening of the Crusade wars. Possibly the era of our modern civilization should be dated away back to the reign of Charlemagne, when civil order was measurably restored in France, Italy, and Germany, and a profitable intellectual and commercial intercourse began to spring up between those countries on one side, and Spain and the Byzantine Empire on the other. But it was by contact with the Saracens that the European was first quickened with new life; to say nothing of all that the Christian brought back with him from the East, or that the Mohammedan brought along with him as he arrived on European shores.

From the East Europe got her windmills to grind her grain, her machinery to make paper, the art of distillation, perhaps, nitric and sulphuric acids; a more manageable set of numerals, the science of Algebra, and that higher mathematical and astronomical knowledge, which subsequently procured the publication of annual almanacs, and the double entry in book-keeping, a superior skill in surgery, the art of making sugar from sugar-cane, the teachers for the schools of Cordova, which for several centuries continued the best in Europe. The more general use of soap and glass bottles was due to the same exciting influences, and so, too, the increase of the iron stock, and the encouragement of the fishing interests, and the multiplication of the implements employed in this trade. Without the Saracens Europe might never have known the magnetic needle, and Christopher Columbus and Vasco de Gama never brought to light new worlds. Gunpowder, too, though in many respects of questionable advantage to civilization, was one of the Chinese inventions brought by the Saracens to Europe. This plaything of Asiatics in fire-works the Western nations adopted as an important aid in warfare, and so gave the invention a very different purpose. Yet gunpowder helped also to work mines and stimulated the production of iron. Without the Saracens Europe might yet sit in darkened homes as it did for centuries after the discovery of glass in a monastery. Used in Pompeii in A. D. 79, its advantages seem to have been lost with that city, and though discovered by a monk in A. D. 653, it was not used in windows until 1177. Until about this time, too, houses never had had the convenience of a chimney or the advantages of even candle illumination, and from the same period dates the use of forks, though they were only slowly adopted and were still a novelty in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It seems as though men suddenly opened their eyes and saw. In truth, they had attained unto a novel and superior kind of intelligence. The new century, the sixteenth, began so unlike the preceding one,



ELYNAS THE SORCERER STRUCK BLIND.

that a thousand years seem to lie between them like an unspanned gulf. But if the fifteenth had closed with a marvelous degree of activity and advancement, the strides of every year in the new age were working the complete transformation of Europe. Pocket-watches were invented, pins came into use, amalgam mirrors, too, and black lead or graphite pencils; machinery was employed for finishing cloth, spring-locks were devised for muskets, and in their day must have been a greater surprise than the needle-gun in ours; spinning-wheels, long used in India, were brought over to save ninety per cent of the labor in making thread; and, as men had learned to go on the water in all directions, the diving-bell now came to carry them safely to the bottom of the sea; zinc was discovered, the silk trade was established at Lyons, the first treatise on navigation was composed, the first coaches were made, and four-wheeled wagons for common transportation began to appear. Wooden bellows and the stocking-loom—previously hose were sewn together of cloth—were invented; the cauliflower, the potato, maize, timothy, and various other pasture grasses and tobacco,

were introduced to European cultivation, and the turkey was added to the poultry-yard. At the same time Peruvian bark, ipecac, sarsaparilla, chocolate, vanilla, and cochineal were imported from Spanish America. Stamp-mills were invented to crush ores; the quicksilver mines of Huancavelica, in Peru, were opened, and the method of separating silver from its ores by amalgamation was discovered, and so a new impetus secured to the mining interests of the New World as it unfolded to European eyes.

The world was in a mighty flood of new ideas. Inventions, restorations, emancipations of thought and belief flowed in upon the human mind, and the accumulated obstructions of the Middle Ages were broken down by the irresistible force of a power greater than that of steam—the will of awakened man. The darkness of the ages was suddenly lighted up by a blazing luminary. The hour of midnight was spent; the morning dawn had given way before the resplendent glory of the noonday hour. The East and the West had met; Asia and Europe had kissed each other, and America re-echoed the shouts of brotherly love. The

world was become a common market-place. Was this all due to the contact of Saracen and Christian, of the red and the white man, the introduction of comforts, and the inventions of safeguards and facilities, or was there a greater cause yet than all these? The effects of the Crusade movement were beneficial, the discovery of new worlds a motor to enterprise and daring, the invention of gunpowder advantageous to society in many ways, and so the other discoveries and inventions, but they did not work the transformation. The fullness of this time came with the introduction of printing.



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

The greatest invention since the alphabet was that of movable wooden types, made in 1486 by John Gutenberg, of Mayence. The idea was original with him, though such

types had been used for centuries in China; but the manner in which that language was written rendered the types much less valuable than those in Europe, where, almost immediately after their discovery they made a revolution in literature and education. Peter Schoeffer cast metallic type in 1452, and this was another great step forward. The cost of books was soon reduced ninety per cent or more. Now, indeed, a glorious future lay before the breaking sixteenth century. The seeds sown by the great minds of the fourteenth and fifteenth had been germinating and blossoming, unheeded save by

the few; but now in this new age the blossom was to ripen into fruit, whose rich clusters would hang down within the reach of of many besides scholars. By the aid of Schoeffer's invention the new forms produced seven hundred and fifty-one books in the remaining years of the fifteenth century; and in the first decade of the sixteenth no less than eight hundred publications. A secure foundation had at last been laid for the new era of culture, and for its continuous development, with none of the interruptions which had been the misfortunes of the ancient civilization, and with no limit save those imposed by nature to avert the increase or the activity of mankind. "Printing," as has been well said, "is the art preservative of all arts," the chief foe of ignorance and superstition, the chief aid of civilization, and without exception the

greatest invention in history.

This, the most efficient handmaid ever given to literature, had her home in Germany; yet it was in Italy that the best

printing establishments flourished. This is easily accounted for. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the richest literature in Europe was that of Italy. The Renaissance, as it is called, was not a mere servile reproduction of antiquity, it was the harmonious fusion of the elements of Christian civilization with the traditions of ancient taste and learning. Italy was the happy country in which these two streams blended their waters. During the Middle Ages, in the midst of prevailing darkness and disorder, Italy never wholly lost the traces of ancient civilization. "The night which descended upon her," says Macaulay, "was the night of an Arctic Summer. The dawn began to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset had faded from the horizon." The three great writers—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—introduced a new era of culture. To the long neglect which the classic authors had suffered Dante refers, when he says of Virgil, that he

"Chi per lungo silenzio pareo fioco."*

The mind of Italy more and more turned back upon its ancient history and literature. During several ages Italy had grown great by means of commerce and religion. The Crusades, which had impoverished the rest of Europe, had enriched her; and the subjugation of the nations to the court of Rome had made her the treasury of Europe. Material wealth permitted the encouragement of the study of literature, which relations of commerce or of conquest with the Greek empire had been the means of reviving. The study of the Roman classics became a passion. No pains and no expense were spared in recovering manuscripts and in col-

lecting libraries of the remains of classical art. Princes became the personal cultivators and profuse patrons of learning and art. The dukes of Milan, the commonwealth of



ST. CECILIA.

Venice, the republic of Genoa, the democratic rulers of the Florentine house of the Medici, all vied in reviving the culture of old Greece and Rome. "In fact," says Taine, "at that time Italy clearly led in every thing, and civilization was to be drawn thence as from its spring."

This complete revolution of life and thought necessarily exerted a great, and in many respects favorable, influence upon the development of art. Indeed, if we wish to understand the Italian Renaissance, we must study the art growth in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. During the period,

* Seemed from long-continued silence hoarse.—*Inferno*, I, 63.

perhaps from about 1420 to 1520, that is, from the first dawn of the Renaissance to the death of Raphael—that golden age in Italian art—her masters raised or transformed the national schools with such originality and vigor that all art likely to survive is derived from hence, and the population of living figures with which they have covered our walls denotes, like Gothic architecture or French tragedy, a unique epoch in human intelligence.

The breath of a more deeply stirred mental life began to vivify the severe typical forms. Not only was a different style of art called out by a close study of the old classic worlds, but by the individuality of the times. There was a growth of individual conceptions and individual modes of treatment. The creations of art were no longer, as in the Middle Ages, symbols of the universal mode of thought prescribed by the Church, productions called out by the views of the Church. Works of art were now

well-known sacred histories, but because they contained within themselves a world of independent and sensitive beauty.

Taine says somewhere that when a new civilization brings a new art to light there are about a dozen men of talent who fairly express the general idea, surrounding one or two men of genius who express it thoroughly. Crayer, Van Oost, Rombouts, Van Tulden, Vandyke, Honthorst surrounding Rubens; Ford, Marlowe, Massinger, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher surrounding Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; Signinelli, Perugino, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastian del Piombo, Paris Bordone, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese surrounding Michael Angelo and Raphael Santi. The first constitute the chorus, the others are the leading men. They sing the same piece together, and at times the chorist is equal to the solo artist; but only at times. One of the chorus occasionally

reaches the summit of the soloist's art, hits upon a complete character, a burst of sublime passion; then he falls back, gropes amid qualified successes, rough sketches, feeble imitations, and at last takes refuge in the tricks of his trade. It is not in him, but in great men like Michael Angelo and Raphael Santi that we must look for the attainment of his idea and the fullness of his art.

Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo will ever be acknowledged the supreme masters of form and expression; Giorgione and Titian of color; Correggio of *chiaroscuro*, the Italian phrase by which we describe the just arrangement of light and dark in a picture, whether applied to colors or shades; but it was the combining of all these with such mastery, temperance, and moderation, that gave Raphael his claim to be considered the prince of painters, and moved his countrymen to surname him "the Divine"—*Il Divino*.

"The thing that is most worthy of admiration in Raphael," says Lübke, the great art historian, whom we shall have occasion to quote frequently, "is a certain harmo-



MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS, WITH ST. JOHN.

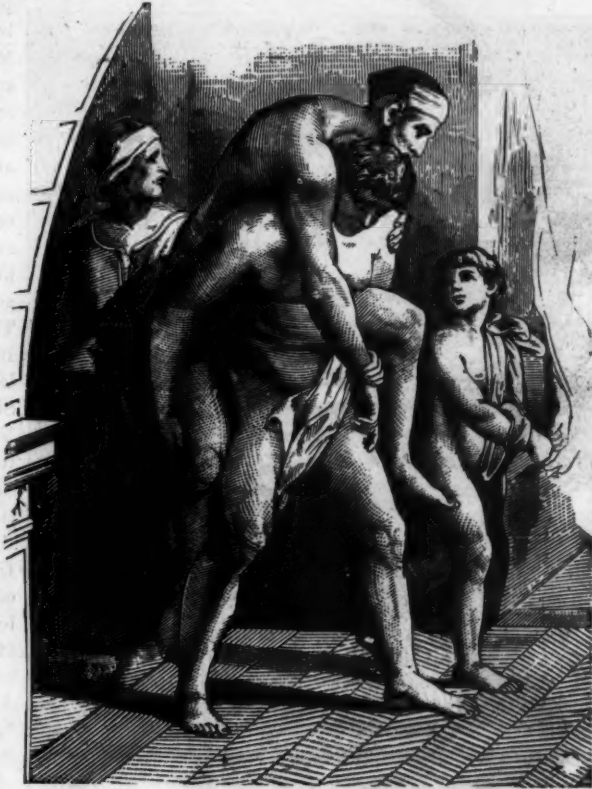
produced to satisfy a strong instinct of the soul, a personal love for the beautiful and the sublime. They became things to treasure and admire, not because they told the

nious combination of all intellectual endowments, such as is but rarely seen even in the greatest artists; in only one other and very similar master of another art, indeed,—Mozart—does it occur in the same degree of perfection. While in other men, even of the first rank, one gift or another predominates, whether it be the gift of strong characterization or that of producing the highest expression of the sublime, in Raphael, on the contrary, we find all the individual traits of intellectual life incomparably equipoised, and the highest expression of this harmony is perfect beauty. But this beauty does not consist merely of sensuous loveliness or fascinating grace; it is thoroughly permeated by thought and strongly characterized. Each beauteous form nobly and powerfully expresses one or another feeling of the soul, ranging from the tender to the sublime. It is a noble spirit of morality that gives it its full nobility." This moral power, which is here adverted to, we recognize above all things in the process of Raphael's development.

The family of Santi belonged to the best middle class, and was old and respected. Several of its members had distinguished themselves as artists and ecclesiastics. Their old home was in the small castle town of Colbordolo, until the reaving Lord Malatesta burned and laid waste the country in 1450, and drove them into Urbino. The father of Raphael, Giovanni Santi, was himself a painter of some repute and also a poet. About twenty of his pictures still remain. They show feeble color and rigid outline, combined with correct drawing and simplic-

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ity of conception. He was accounted one of the best of the Umbrian artists and a modest competitor of Perugino and Pinturicchio. One of his poetical productions, a



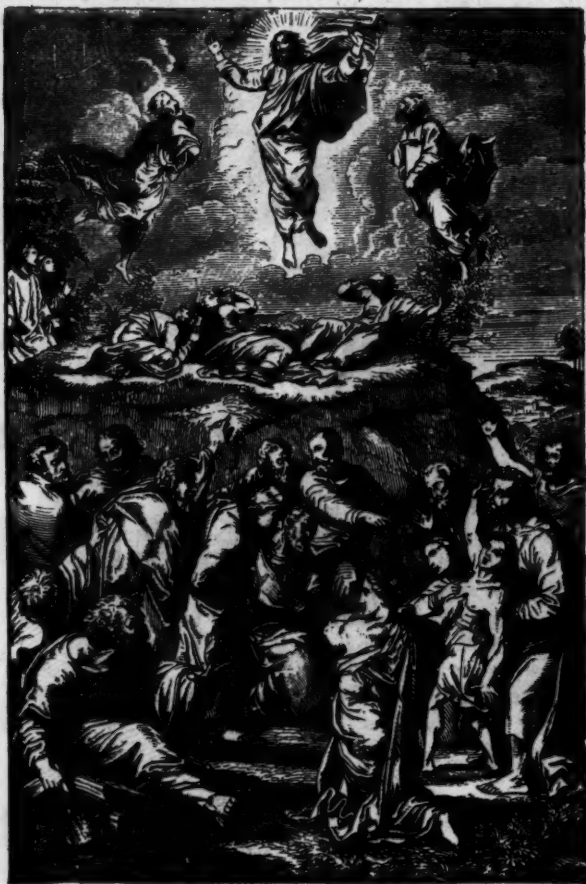
AENEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES FROM TROY.

quaint epic of two hundred and twenty-four pages, covering twenty-six hundred lines, in *terza rima*, celebrating the martial deeds and noble virtues of his prince and patron, the duke of Urbino, whom the democratic Sismondi calls the Mæcenas of the fine arts, and whose court Tasso described as "the stay and refuge of gifted men," is now in the Vatican library.

In the hill-side home at Urbino there is a fresco of the Madonna painted by Giovanni Santi, in which the face of the Virgin is a portrait of Raphael's mother, Magia Ciarla, who was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, and, according to tradition, a tender,

large-hearted woman, from whom the great genius inherited his warm, affectionate nature. Young Raphael is also in this picture. The face of the young infant Jesus repre-

mother, Bernardina di Parte, a goldsmith's daughter, was a woman of upright character, with many excellent traits, but in every respect a contrast to the gentle Magia. So



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

sents him. The portrait is not as satisfactory as that in the Tiranni chapel frescoes at Cagli. It is amongst the angel faces, and gives promise in its ethereal spirituality of that refined beauty which distinguished him throughout his life.

Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old. Giovanni having lost three children also, and being left with this one boy only, very soon contracted marriage again to provide a head for his home and a woman's care over his beloved Raphael. This step-

long as Giovanni lived the boy fared well enough. Most of his time Raphael spent in his father's studio, and was thus made familiar with the implements and terms of art from his earliest childhood. Several crude Umbrian paintings are claimed by tradition as his juvenile works, but their authenticity is doubtful. There is a tradition that Raphael received his first lessons in art from Luca Signorelli or Timoteo della Vite; but Lanzi, the historian of Italian painters, says that Raphael was instructed by Fra Carnevale, the best painter then in Urbino, whose pictures were certainly carefully studied by Raphael and Bramante. It is also reported that Venturini, the tutor of Michael Angelo, taught him the Latin language, and that Bramante, Pacciolo, and other members of the galaxy of learned men who were attached to the court of Duke Guidobaldo, assisted in other branches of his education.

Giovanni Santi died in 1494, leaving his widow Bernardina and his brother Don Bartolomeo Santi, a well-to-do ecclesiastic, to act as guardians for his orphaned boy. But Bernardina was too resolute and Bartolomeo too grasping and officious, and there was consequently constant bickering and disputes, the rival authorities being unable to agree as to the disposition of the Santi estates. Fortunately for Raphael, and for the world, a friend soon rose up for the neglected boy in the person of his mother's brother, Simone



THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED.

di Ciarla. He appreciated Raphael's genius, and, deploring his unhappy situation, arranged that he should be sent away to pursue his studies in art. After a careful consideration of the schools of Leonardo, Bellini, Mantegna, Francia, and Perugino, it was decided to commit him to the care of the latter, who was then at the zenith of his career, all Italy praising the celestial beauty of his creations. There is a tradition that the painter, after inspecting several of the lad's sketches, exclaimed, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon become my master."

Perugia, whither Raphael removed late in 1495, to remain there for nearly nine years, is one of the most picturesque of the renowned hill-cities of Italy. It is called the Nuremberg of Italy, on account of its quaintness of structure and its mediæval characteristics. Its ponderous walls and gray Etruscan bastions crown a high green hill, and are overtopped by a cluster of church towers and domes. The battlements command a magnificent view over the valley of the Tiber, and the white cities of Spoleto, Assisi, and Foligno, and along the lofty and aus-

tere Apennines, from Radicofani to the cloud-piercing Monte Caltrio. The steep and rocky streets open on paved squares, adorned with ancient sculptured fountains and papal statues, and overlooked by rugged Gothic façades, and vast silent churches, rich in mediæval monuments and Pre-Raphaelite paintings. The Etruscan city of Perugia which once stood here was destroyed by Augustus Cæsar, who replaced it by a Roman military colony, afterwards the prey of the Goths under Totila. In the Middle Ages it was seized by the ferocious Baglioni family, who held it for several generations, desolating the Umbrian Campagna by forays from their grim lair. These lion hearts guarded the city while Raphael dwelt there, and the public squares often ran with noble blood, when the rival Oddi chieftains were cut to pieces by their pitiless foes, and the cathedral was so stained with massacres that it was washed with wine and reconsecrated. The memories of these terrible conflicts, prolonged through the years of his sojourn, Raphael preserved in some of his paintings.

"One of the strangest phenomena of the Middle Ages," says Sweetser, "was the growth and culmination of the Umbrian school of painting in the midst of these scenes of rapine and carnage. Drawing their earliest inspiration from Siena, the Umbrian artists had preserved a quiet and contemplative spirituality of manner. With the grim austerity of its rugged heights and the sympathetic sweetness of its rich and flowery valleys, the land seemed created for mystery, and was peopled with legends. Isolated among the glens of the cloudy Apennines and remote from the influences of the history and art of pagan or papal Rome, as well as from the materialistic methods of the commercial cities of the coast, the spirit of the people was reflected by their pietistic artists, who formed what may be called the last group of purely Christian painters. The pictorial flowering of this devout spirit appeared in Bonfigli Santi, Francia, and Perugino, in pictures whose mechanical defects are counterbalanced by their evidence of religious enthusiasm."

Perugino was nearly fifty years old when Raphael came to him as pupil. In his great poem Giovanni Santi had extolled Perugino as one of the great masters in art. We may suppose, therefore, that Raphael approached the Umbrian master with reverence and admiration. Numerous works in various Italian cities, particularly in Florence, Siena, Pavia, Naples, Bologna, and even Rome, bore witness to the justice of his renown and general favor. Pope Sixtus IV had employed him in the Sistine Chapel, and his fresco of "Christ Giving the Keys to Peter" is by far the best of those painted on the side walls of that chapel. At the time of Raphael's arrival at Perugia, Perugino was engaged on the frescoes in the Sala del Cambio, the city exchange. He had many pupils, among whom were then La Spagna, Pinturicchio, Ferrari, and Alfani. But Raphael at once took a leading part in all this work, and in many of Perugino's paintings the brush of the young artist assisted freely. The fact of his having had Raphael for his pupil has, no doubt, in one way increased the reputation of Perugino, but it has also in some degree tended to lessen it, as in many of his best productions the work of Raphael is confidently pointed out by connoisseurs, and, indeed, many important pictures at one time acknowledged as Perugino's are now ascribed to his great pupil. With the exception, perhaps, of Francia, who in some respects is esteemed his equal, Perugino must be acknowledged as the ablest of the masters of the Umbrian school. Perugino's works are remarkable for delicate execution and especially distinguished by rich and warm coloring. One of the most celebrated paintings, "The Bewailing of Christ," is now in the Pitti gallery at Florence. An excellent example of his work may be studied in the illustration which enriches our article. The painting is in the collection of the National Gallery, London (No. 288), and is entitled, "The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ." In the New York Historical Society there is a painting of his, "The Adoration of the Infant Jesus," and in Yale College there is one on "The Baptism of Christ." Ruskin calls Perugino "a noble,

gracious, and quiet laborer—never weary, never impatient, never untender, never untrue. Not Tintoret in power, nor Raphael in flexibility, nor Holbein in variety, nor Luini in love,—their gathered gifts he has in balanced and fruitful measure, fit to be the guide and impulse and father of all."

Raphael's first independent picture is supposed to have been the "Infant Jesus and St. John," after a work by his master, and now in the church of San Pietro at Perugia; the "St. Martin on Horseback," now in the Stüdel Institute at Frankfort is one of the earliest of his original drawings extant. In both of these works we can not fail to recognize the Peruginesque influence. Yet, after all, there is also apparent already the young painter's growth in and striving after individuality, and that wonderful combination of the formative and inventive power which characterize all his productions.

In 1502, while Raphael was hard at work assisting his master in his studio in the Via Diliziosa, near the city hall, word came to him from his former fellow-student, Pinturicchio, that our young artist's assistance was desired at Siena, where Cardinal Piccolomini was employing Pinturicchio with the adornment of the cathedral library. The first and fifth of a series of frescoes treating of subjects from the life of Asmas Sylvius Piccolomini were done by Raphael, and they are now accounted among the greatest art treasures of that time. If Raphael had hitherto failed to gain for himself a positive position as an artist these works secured it, and henceforth his fame was heralded through-

out Central and Northern Italy. His native city longed to do him honor. He was finally prevailed upon to return to the walls of Urbino. This was in the Autumn of 1504.



LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE.

Many changes had been experienced in this hill-side town. The viperous Caesar Borgia had defrauded Duke Guidovaldo of his army and treasury, and then occupied his territories. A year later the Borgia pope and his evil son were poisoned; and the Urbino expelled the alien troops and welcomed back their duke from his exile at Venice. With the return of this learned and pious prince the golden age returned to the city, and the foremost scholars of Italy entered her gates. This was a most oppor-

tune moment for Raphael's arrival. The Duchess Elizabetta and other high-born dames vied with each other in securing to the young painter the honors which he had earned by his works while at Perugia and Siena. His brush was kept busy, and social advantages were accorded to him such as no painter had ever enjoyed before him.

He was at once admitted to the intimate companionship of such men as Count Baldassare Castiglione, writer and diplomatist,

secretary to Leo X, and cardinal under Paul III; Bernardo Divizio da Bibiena, the author of "La Calandra," and the first regular comedy in prose that had been written in Italy. Raphael must have had frequent opportunity of listening to the conversation of Pietro Bembo, and of being charmed with his Platonic rhapsodies. To breathe such a cultured atmosphere must have been to a soul that could so swiftly seize, rearrange, and refashion whatever came within its ken

and grasp an education of itself; and Raphael's familiar intercourse with the kings of intellect will account for much of the thought and mental elevation manifest in his works. For the classic tendencies of the court he found almost immediate expression in his charming little picture of the "Three Graces," in close imitation of the antique group he had seen in the *libreria* of the cathedral of Siena. This gem is now in the gallery of the Earl of Dudley. "It is remarkable," says Passavant, "that the first antique subject painted by Raphael should have been that of the 'Three Graces,' to whom the painter of Urbino rendered more constant homage than any other artist of Christian times."

A genius never rests. He may enjoy

periods of repose and bodily recuperation, but his spiritual nature is ever active, ever planning, if not toiling. There is a constant upward growth in genius. Pent-up condi-



THE MARRIAGE OF JOSEPH AND THE VIRGIN.

Giuliano di Medici, brother of Leo X, and who, like his brother Lorenzo, was surnamed the Magnificent; Andrea Doria, the famous Genoese admiral; Pietro Bembo, the savant

tions, circumscribed limits, narrow borders may do for the mass of people; a man of talent is restive under these restraints; a man of genius must burst its fetters or die under it. Raphael was a genius. He loved his home and its friends. He could never turn cold to Urbino. But he wearied soon of the quiet provincial town, and an inexplicable longing drew him away to wider fields of activity and knowledge. He had yet much to learn. He needed the incentive of greater works, and the inspiration of nobler types of art, and of grander lines of thought. The world was sounding the praises of Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo—the great Tuscan painters. These finally drew him away.

Florence was at the beginning of the sixteenth century not only the capital of Tuscany, it was the capital of the art world. It has been granted to only two nations, the Greek and the Italian, and to the latter only at the time of the Renaissance, to invest every phase and variety of intellectual effort with the form of art. Nothing notable was produced in Italy between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries that did not bear the character and stamp of fine art. "If the methods of science may be truly said to regulate our modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that during the Renaissance art exercised a like controlling influence. Not only was each department of the fine arts practiced with singular success, not only was the national genius to a very large extent absorbed in painting, sculpture, and architecture, but the æsthetic impulse was more subtly and widely diffused than this alone would imply. It possessed the Italians in the very center of their intellectual vitality, imposing its conditions on all the manifestations of their thought and feeling, so that even their shortcomings may be ascribed in a great measure to their inability to quit the æsthetic point of view. . . . It was an age of splendid ceremonies and magnificent parade, when the furniture of houses, the armor of soldiers, the dress of citizens, the pomp of war, and the pageantry of festival were invariably and inevitably beautiful. On the mean-

est article of domestic utility, cups and platters, door-panels and chimney-pieces, coverlids for beds and lids of linen chests, a wealth of artistic invention was lavished by innumerable craftsmen no less skilled in technical details than distinguished by rare taste. From the pope in St. Peter's chair to the clerks in a Florentine counting-house, every Italian was a judge of art. Art supplied the spiritual oxygen, without which the life of the Renaissance must have been atrophied."

Raphael reached the city of the Arno while she was in the full flush of the dawning cinque-cento. The only story in the history of the modern world which rivals in concentrated interest the story of Athens is the story of the peerless city of the lilies, in that hour of the Renaissance. What a display of jewels met the eye of the young artist as he entered the city. There were the marvelous bronze gates of Ghiberti, the marbles and bronzes of Donatello and Verocchio, the enamels of Luca della Robbia, the monuments of the Medici, the vast cathedral dome of Brunelleschi, the Campanile of Giotto, the paintings of Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Angelico, and the ancient schools, with the fresh wonders of Angelo and Leonardo. For the artist it was, indeed, a city of enchantment.

The brave Pietro Soderini was now Gonfaloniere. Pietro di Medici—that weak and imprudent and treacherous prince, whose only glory was that he belonged to a most distinguished house and inherited the rule of his father Lorenzo, "the magnificent"—had disgraced himself by alliance with the French, and had been driven from the city by a most indignant populace in 1494. There was, of course, a party in Florence continuing loyal to the Medici in spite of the imbecility of its last ruler. The lovers of art and literature were especially restless. They missed the rule of the Medici. For two centuries its princes had most gloriously aided all artistic and literary efforts. This was not the most opportune moment, therefore, for strangers to enter the gates of Florence and hope for notice. Raphael, however, experienced no disadvantage. He came with

strong letters of introduction. The artists at once opened wide the gates to their homes. The nobles also bade him welcome at their palaces. Besides these favors, which made his entry pleasant, the city itself, the proud activity of its daily life, and the metropolitan art air which seemed to pervade it, the numbers of students and the ardor of their enthusiasm, might at first daunt, but were sure immediately after to captivate and delight the soul of Raphael. The frescoes of Masaccio and Fillipino Lippi, in the Brancacci and Corsini Chapels of the church of the Carmelites, attracted him; they were famous for grand composition and soft coloring. Masaccio is usually called the father of modern art; he is certainly the father of realism in modern art. Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "He was the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterward arrived, and may, therefore, be justly considered as one of the great fathers of modern art." Masaccio was the first Florentine who abandoned the formal method of Giotto, and distinguished himself by love of nature, richness of coloring, and subtlety of expression. He is said to have held Giotto by one hand and reached forward to Raphael with the other. The pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, whose battle cartoon was then on exhibition, also impressed Raphael with the deepest admiration. All who know what it is to recognize in the productions of others the fulfillment of their own best and most secret aspirations will comprehend the effect of the study of these two masters on Raphael's development. The works of Masaccio, with their grand grouping of figures and admirable treatment of the human form, appeared to have revealed to the young artist the extent of his own powers in a similar direction; while in those of Da Vinci he found intensified the same feeling for spiritual beauty which was already

his own principal characteristic. The serene smile which afterwards graced the faces of his Madonnas he is said to have derived from the Madonnas of Leonardo.

"In Raphael's earliest picture produced after his arrival at Florence," says D'Anvers, "we can distinctly trace the working of the double influence." It is a Madonna known as "Del Gran Duca," now in the Pitti palace of that place. It owes its name to the fact that the Grand Duke Ferdinand III of Tuscany carried it with him on all his journeys, and prayed before it every night and morning. The Madonna is depicted in a flowing blue mantle, looking down at the infant Jesus; and the firmly outlined figures stand out in impressive distinctness. It takes rank as one of the masterpieces of Raphael, although the work was done when he was only twenty-one years old. In contrast with this, the work which, perhaps, illustrates best the ultimate attainments of Raphael in the height of his glory at Florence, is his Madonna entitled "La Belle Jardiniere," which is now the gem of the Louvre at Paris, and one of the noblest specimens of achievement in art.* It portrays the Virgin in a flowery landscape, looking with intense and vivid maternal tenderness into the celestial eyes of the child Jesus. The mother's face is full of indescribable beauty, and the whole picture is unrivaled for artless and idyllic grace and perfect harmony. Clement gives the origin of its name in a tradition that the model was a beautiful flower girl, to whom the painter was much attached.

* We have been favored with an illustration of it by the publishers of "Lübke's History of Art," as revised by that most excellent of American art critics, Clarence Cook. No better evidence need be cited to demonstrate how greatly art study is taking hold of this country than the publication of such valuable works. Messrs. Dodd & Mead deserve the thanks of their countrymen for giving them this publication in such elegant and complete form.

ROBERT RAIKES AND THE CENTENNIAL OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.



ROBERT RAIKES'S FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE year 1880 has the double distinction of opening the second century of Sunday-schools and the second seven years' course of International Lessons. On June 28, 1880, delegates from the Sunday-school organizations of all lands will gather in London to celebrate the former of these facts and to do honor to Robert Raikes, who is known as "the founder of Sunday-schools."

It has been well said, however, that he was rather their *finder* than their founder. At one of the earliest celebrations of modern Sunday-schools, in 1786, Dr. Glasse, in the sermon of the occasion, recognized that the essential principles of the modern Sunday-school movement are as old as Moses, by taking for his text, Deuteronomy xxxi, 12, 13: "Gather the people together, men and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God and observe to do all the words of this

law; and that their children which have not known any thing may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God."

This divine charter for public gatherings to teach the Law of God to adults, children, and strangers, is broad enough to be the constitution, not only of Robert Raikes's Sunday-schools, but also of the most advanced ones of to-day. Moses is really the human founder of Sunday-schools, and 1880 is not the one hundred and first year of the institution, but rather the three thousand three hundred and thirty-first. Deuteronomy contains the God-given seed of which the present Sunday-school movement is the harvest.

In the Book of Nehemiah we see the Mosaic plan of Sunday-school in actual operation. In the service of two thousand three hundred and twenty-four years ago, we see a gathering for Bible study of adults and children, including all who were old enough

to understand religious teaching, with a layman as superintendent, responsive reading, and the bowing of all heads in prayer. Fourteen teachers are mentioned by name (besides many Levites), who "taught the people" in groups, and "gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading," that is, the Law of God, which had been read responsively. But by all the lesson was not only "understood" but carried home, and carried out in the very acts of gladness and charity which had been taught. This chapter of history has the seed-thought of Chautauqua, an eight days' tent-meeting or "Assembly" for religious instruction.

So all through the Bible we read of gatherings for religious conversation, "hearing and asking questions," in temples and synagogues and private houses. In Christ's intercourse with the twelve we see the model Bible-class, and the missionary work of the apostles was more like our Sunday-schools than our preaching services. The catechetical teaching of children was a part of the Jewish and then of the Christian system.

The "Dark Ages" buried this element of Christian activity, but it was raised up again by the Reformation. One of the first results of Luther's work was the establishment of catechetical schools for the religious teaching of children, and wherever the tread of the Reformation was felt the same results were seen. Indeed, the degree of recognition given to childhood is a kind of thermometer to indicate the progress of an age or nation. As the Bible says much more of childhood than heathen books of the same age, and Christian countries always show far more regard to the little ones than other nations, so in the Dark Ages we find childhood's moral wants almost entirely neglected and the Reformation recalling men to the important work of Christian nurture for the young.

In more recent years there have been many solitary instances of Sunday-schools before the days of Robert Raikes. As early as the sixteenth century St. Charles Borromeo founded several Sunday-schools at Milan, Italy, of which some yet remain. About a century later Rev. Joseph Alleine

at Taunton, England, adopted the plan of gathering the young for religious instruction on Sunday, and about the same time, in Raikes's own county of Gloucester. And a century before him Mrs. Catherine Boevey held a mission Sunday-school at her home every Lord's day. About 1740 a Sunday-school was opened at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, by Mr. Ludwig Hacker among the German Seventh-day Baptists.

The first Sunday-school of Scotland, it is said, was held in 1756 in the house of a Presbyterian minister. In 1763 a Sunday-school was established in Caterick, Yorkshire, England, by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey and a benevolent lady named Cappe. Miss Hannah Ball, a young Methodist lady living at High Wycombe, England, started a Sunday-school in her native town in 1769. In 1770 the first Sunday-school of Ireland was opened by Rev. Dr. Kennedy in Bright Parish, County Down. All these modern Sunday-schools, and others, notably one in 1778 by Rev. Thomas Stock, who afterward labored with Raikes, were before Robert Raikes organized his Sunday-schools in July, 1780, from impulses received probably in the closing days of June, which suggest June 28th as the day to open the celebration.

There are always such anticipators of a great reform, whose skirmishing is heard in advance of the march of the Lutherans who make the movement effective; but these solitary shots amount to little until the leader comes who is able to concentrate and organize these scattered forces and lead them on to decided success. Alfred Gregory in his biography of Robert Raikes, from which we derive many of the facts of this article, says on the point just referred to: "Raikes's distinctive honor lies in the fact that, having in common with kindred spirits perceived the advantages that would attend Sunday teaching, he did not content himself as did others with establishing a school or schools in his own neighborhood, but by means of his newspaper and other organs of public opinion he recommended the practice far and wide, and never ceased his advocacy till the scheme was generally adopted throughout the land. He found the practice local,

he made it national. It is upon this ground that admirers of Raikes rest his claim to the honored title of 'founder of Sunday-schools.'"

Robert Raikes was born September 14, 1735, a day celebrated by a Sunday-school jubilee in 1835, with two poems from Montgomery and other exercises, and an appropriate day for general celebrations in 1880 in all parts of the world.

His father was founder, editor, and printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, the ninth of English provincial papers, which, like most papers of that day was only as large as a sheet of foolscap, but numbered Rev. George Whitefield among its contributors and had become a paper of large influence when it was left in 1757 to Robert Raikes at the death of his father. Having been prepared for his editorial duties by a good education he carried the paper forward to yet larger success, and made it a layman's pulpit for the advancement of the philanthropic and religious movements in which he was so deeply interested.

He came into his life-work of introducing Sunday-schools to the nation through the vestibule of lowly and local philanthropy in connection with the city and county prisons that were located in his native town. He was the John Howard of Gloucester, devoting himself earnestly to prison reform and providing for the starving and degraded prisoners physical and moral food. These prisons were as dark and damp and deadly as that one where the ancient prophet sank in the mire, and the moral darkness and death were yet more terrible. The prisoners for debt had no food provided by the authorities and were dependent on Raikes and other charitable people from whom he collected funds. In ministering to the bodies of the prisoners he came to see the yet greater destitution of their souls, and he sought by conversation, by providing occupation, by good books and in other ways to reform their terrible immorality. He recognized intemperance as the chief cause of this poverty and immorality and crime, and through his paper warned the people against drinking habits then so sel-

dom condemned. His efforts for the reform of adults, whose evil habits were fixed and hardened, were so often unavailing that he was at last led to feel that prevention was not only easier and better than cure, but in many cases the only method of safety. He began to see that it was better to form childhood aright than to wait to reform manhood. He learned the chameleon's philosophy, to destroy crocodiles in the egg, and turned his attention to the rough boys and girls who were learning in the street school of a desecrated Sabbath the first lessons of immorality and crime.

The immediate suggestion of the Sunday-school came to Robert Raikes through what we call, in thoughtless moments, an *accident*, but recognize in more thoughtful hours as a *providence*. Having occasion to hire a gardener, he went into one of the degraded portions of the city to see a man who had been recommended to him for the position. He called at the man's house and found that he was out, but was soon to return, and therefore he concluded to wait. This unexpected waiting gave the kind-hearted philanthropist time to look about at the poverty and vice of that neighborhood. His attention was attracted by a group of half-clad and foul-mouthed children, and he spoke of his pain at the sight to a woman near at hand, who assured him that the condition of things was a thousand-fold worse on Sundays, when the children who worked on week-days, let loose for play and noise and riot, filled the air with horrible oaths that made the place seem more like hell than any thing else. The thought at once occurred to Mr. Raikes that this evil could and ought to be checked by some kind of a school on Sunday. He inquired for teachers in the neighborhood, and at once made a bargain with four to teach in their own homes on Sunday the children he should send them, in reading and catechism, at one shilling a Sunday. In this plan he had the hearty co-operation of Rev. Thomas Stock, the parish clergyman, who is supposed to have opened a Sunday-school in another parish, previously, as we have already intimated.

The same plan, prompted by the same

need, seems to have been independently introduced at about the same time in another part of this same city of Gloucester by a young Methodist lady, Miss Sophia Cooke, who afterward became the wife of Rev. Samuel Bradburn, a celebrated Wesleyan divine; but while the clergyman and the lady seem to have an equal share with Robert Raikes in the honor of introducing Sunday-schools in Gloucester, neither of them, nor any other person, can dispute with him the honor of introducing Sunday-schools to the nation.

The characteristics of those Sunday-schools as they appeared a century ago, deserve attention. The place was usually a private house. When application was first made for a chapel the trustees refused, saying that the children would "make too much noise and spoil the place." The time was from eight to twelve of Sunday forenoon, and from one to three in the afternoon, the school then marching to Church service in a body, led by the teachers, a point in which we certainly have fallen behind the past; and then another school session from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock, in which the pupils were examined as to the text and sermon they had just heard, and given other moral lessons.

The teachers were "mostly pious," and all poor and were paid, with classes numbering from twenty to thirty-five, subdivided during a part of the day and taught by pupil teachers—the best pupils teaching the others in the simpler matters.

The pupils were exclusively ragged children of poor and vicious homes, from six to fourteen years of age, none being admitted outside of those ages. The boundary was rags on one side and childhood on the other.

The exercises consisted of "the three R's," reading, writing, and religion, including the alphabet, reading, spelling, numbers, Watts's hymns, prayers, catechism, reading three or four chapters of the Bible, a few remarks by the minister or by Mr. Raikes or some other lay patron of the institution, and once a month an examination in the catechism, with anniversaries in which stringed and brass instruments helped on the music—another point in which most of our Sunday-

schools might learn something from the beginning of the century.

The rewards, which very properly occupied a prominent place in that mission movement, were mostly of a very practical kind, and appropriate for half-clad, half-fed pupils—clothes, boots, gingerbread, sweetmeats, books, Testaments, and Bibles.

The purpose of the Sunday-school, as stated by Mr. Raikes, did not recognize the central aim of such efforts, as seen to-day—conversion; but was rather to teach the pupils "to be kind and good-natured to each other; not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents; not to offend God by cursing and swearing; and such plain precepts as all may comprehend." These excellent objects were largely accomplished, and the Sundays were changed from wild carnivals of vice to days of quiet and instruction. It was not long before Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," seeing these results, and the yet greater ones in prospect, said of the new institution, "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the apostles."

The results of these Gloucester Sunday-schools were widely published in the *Gloucester Journal*, and others were organized in quick succession in other places, until at the end of four years two hundred and fifty thousand children were members of these organizations.

The year 1785 is notable also for the formation of the first society for the spread of Sunday-schools, organized by William Fox, a wealthy and benevolent man, who entered upon the work with the lofty international purpose "that every person in the world might be taught to read the Bible," and gave the movement great help by his association.

About this time John Wesley, with his usual insight and foresight, wrote, "I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries of Christians?" From that time forward Wesley took great interest in Sunday-schools,

and the Methodists were the first denomination to introduce them generally.

But Methodism has a yet more distinctive honor in the introduction during 1785 of *gratuitous* Sunday-school teaching, without which the institution could never have had its present wide and Christianizing influence. The expense of hiring teachers for the first four years amounted to twenty thousand dollars, and at the end of that time very many schools had to suspend for want of funds, and even in Gloucester only one continued its work. The large expense of hiring teachers seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to continuing the institution.

"The idea of conducting Sunday-schools by unpaid teachers," says the biographer of Robert Raikes, "is said to have originated in a meeting of zealous Wesleyan office-bearers, one of whom, while the others were lamenting their inability to hire teachers, for want of funds, said, 'Let us do the work ourselves.'"

The Methodist Sunday-school at Bolton, famous also for its fine singing, is the first on record where gratuitous teaching was practiced, and others gradually followed until in a few years "gratis teaching" became universal. The biographer of Robert Raikes adds further to the honor of Methodism that "the Sunday-school idea, improved by the introduction of unpaid teachers and with greater attention to its religious character, was developed in the United States by Francis Asbury, the patriarch of American Methodism. He planted what may be termed the first American Sunday-school in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1786." In 1790 the General Conference of American Methodism "resolved upon establishing Sunday-schools for poor children, white and black." Even with it the institution was still bounded on the one side by childhood, and on the other by rags, including none but the "poor," and none of the poor but the "children."

In the light of these facts we can see clearly that the work of Methodism in the introduction of Sunday-schools was an immense broadening of its field by the introduction of gratuitous teaching, and a deepening of its work by "greater attention to

its religious character,"—Sunday-school prayer-meetings being referred to by Wesley as early as 1788.

To review the progress to this point we find that many in various nations and denominations, before 1780, independently of each other, saw the importance of Sunday-schools in their own towns and established them as a local institution. Robert Raikes seems to have been the first to conceive and publish the idea of the Sunday-school as a *national* institution, and William Fox the first to plan and organize to make it *international*; but when local, national, and international ideas were all threatened with defeat by lack of funds, Methodism supplied the sinews of war by substituting the heart for the purse, as the teacher's incentive, and making conversion rather than education the teacher's chief aim.

But the Sunday-school was still regarded as only a "nursery of the Church," "a children's institution." While Methodism was adding gratuitous teaching and religion to the institution, Wales brought in the idea of adult classes, and thus broadened the membership of the schools and made them teaching services for the whole Church, old and young. One of their classes was known as "the spectacle class," being composed entirely of old men who were thus looking into the truths they were soon to see face to face. The Welsh were the first to recognize that the Sunday-school or Bible service, like the Bible itself, was profitable not only for conviction and conversion, but also for Christian edification. In this respect most American Sunday-schools are decidedly behind those of Wales of the past and present, where nearly all the children go with their parents to the preaching service, and nearly all the parents go with the children to the teaching service.

In the growth of this century-plant of modern Sunday-schools which Raikes planted and so many have watered, and to which God's Spirit and Providence has given such wonderful increase, we find just here in the Welsh movement a notable branch which has itself become a great tree for the healing of the nations. The Welsh Sunday-schools

led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Rev. Mr. Charles, who introduced Sunday-schools in that country, walking, one day in 1802, in the streets of Bala, met a little girl of his congregation, and asked her to repeat his last text. The child wept and was silent. At length she said, "The weather, sir, has been so bad that I could not get to read the Bible." "Could not get to read the Bible? How is that?" The reason was soon ascertained. There was no copy to which she could get access either at her own home or among her friends, and she was accustomed to travel every week seven miles over the hills to a place where she could obtain a Welsh Bible to read the chapter from which the minister took his text. This representative fact impressing Mr. Charles with his country's need of Bibles, led him to urge the formation of a Bible Society for Wales, which idea was broadened by the suggestion of a friend, and the result was the formation in 1804 of a Bible Society for the world—which is only one of many providential branches from the Sunday-school movement.

Meantime, in 1791, "The First-day Sunday-school Society" had been formed by Friends in Philadelphia; in 1795 the institution had been introduced in Scotland; in 1803 "The Sunday-school Union" of London had been organized and had given an immense impulse to the new movement; in 1804 the first abiding Sunday-school had been established in New York City by Mr. Divie Bethune. In 1810 the institution was introduced in the West Indies; in 1815 into France; in the same year into Ceylon by Wesleyan missionaries, and in 1817 into Boston.

It is an amusing illustration of that conservatism which opposes every new thing that an institution so greatly needed and so evidently useful as the Sunday-school should have been opposed by many Church dignitaries and members on both sides of the sea. The teachers were charged with violating the fourth commandment and desecrating the Sabbath and also with violating the laws that required teachers of religion to be licensed, and for these offences teachers were

threatened and arrested on complaint of Church members. Ministers preached against Sunday-school teaching as a crime against the divine and human laws just referred to, and threatened to exclude from the Church all parents who sent their children to the schools. Even in Boston, in 1817, the movement was bitterly opposed by many Christians who called it a desecration of the Sabbath, and declared that after a man had taught his own children at home on Sunday he ought to spend the rest of the day in meditation rather than in teaching other people's neglected children.

Since 1817 the calendar of Sunday-schools has marked a constantly rising tide of progress whose ripple marks are (1) the Convention movement, beginning about 1830; (2) the Institute movement, which quickly followed; (3) the use of uniform lessons by single denominations or single Sunday-school unions in England and America, which came in at about the same time, and improved until 1872; (4) the introduction of Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe during the last decade by Albert Woodruff, of Brooklyn, and the "Foreign Sunday-school Association" which he founded, and the various missionary Churches; (5) the international uniform lesson system, adopted in 1873 chiefly through the planning and pushing of Dr. J. H. Vincent, Mr. B. F. Jacobs, and others, which has already been introduced in nearly every nation of the world; (6) the normal class and assembly systems of teacher-training, introduced into general notice by a gathering of Institute leaders in Plainfield, New Jersey, in 1872, and the Chautauqua assembly in 1874, both inaugurated and conducted by Dr. Vincent, and leading to the establishment all over the land of Summer Normal "Assemblies" on camp-grounds, and Normal classes in the various towns for Winter drills; (7) the Chautauqua Local Institute; that is, the bringing of Chautauqua methods and teachers to the Sunday-school workers who can not go to the assemblies, by four-day institutes in the various towns, to which the assembly lecturers and Normal class teachers are brought for twelve sessions, the large

expense of such instruction by specialist being met by various devices and the contribution of benevolent Christians.

As to the *time* of the sessions our short Sunday-schools of one hour or a little more might, perhaps, learn something from the longer sessions of a hundred years ago, especially in mission schools, where the pupils get no moral or religious instruction except from the Sunday-school. Either by conducting the school *en masse* from the teaching service to the preaching service in the good old way, or by two sessions, or by both, a larger portion of the Sabbath than an hour and a half ought to be provided for in the case of those who have no religious influences at home. A second session for such a class of boys or girls, when most of the school are not mission scholars, might be held as a social and spiritual meeting in the teacher's home or some room of the church.

As to the *teachers*, there is cause to fear that we have not yet outgrown that state of a century ago that they are "mostly pious." Few absurdities have lived into the nineteenth century so painfully ridiculous as the custom of some superintendents who appoint men and women to teach regeneration who have not themselves been converted to present to Sunday-school pupils the saving blood which they have themselves rejected—their very appointment saying to a class that conversion is not very important after all. Christ's plan is first to ask, "Lovest thou me?" then, to appoint those who can answer yes to "feed the lambs." Any other plan is treason to Christ.

Teachers to-day have better weapons and more of drill than a century ago. It is time we required also of every teacher the public oath of allegiance to Christ.

As to *pupils*, we have learned that "children of very tender years" are old enough to be taught in the Sunday-school the simple truth of God. And yet there are many teachers of the little ones to-day whose blindness on this point is only half removed by the century's light. They would not, like Robert Raikes, exclude "children under six" from the Sunday-school room, but they do exclude them from the teaching of the

leading Christian doctrines in the false idea that they "can not be explained to children," which many experiences deny; and they exclude them from the International Lesson as "too hard for them to understand," regardless of the fact that other teachers have actually made clear and practical to little children *every lesson* of the seven years' course, and shown that each one is written not only to "fathers" and "young men," but also to "little children." Especially sad is that blindness which excludes the little ones from efforts for their conversion and Church membership.

Nor has the century removed entirely the idea that the Sunday-school is for none "over fourteen." We enter its second century with some men still talking of it as "a nursery," and addressing it as "dear little children." One of the greatest works yet to be accomplished is to make all the Sunday-schools, as a few of them are to-day, Bible services for pastor and adults, as well as superintendent and children. The ignorance of the Bible among adult Christians everywhere, and the spiritual weakness that accompanies it, can only be removed by such Bible services for old and young as Wales has set before us for a century, by a similar obedience to the divine order, "Gather the people together, men and women and children and the stranger, that they may learn and fear the Lord your God." There is something of impediment to adult membership in the retention of the institution's "child name," Sunday-school. Calling the older half of the gathering an "Assembly," and treating it as such, as has been suggested, will help the solution of this difficulty; but yet more depends on personal and local effort.

As to *exercises*, while in the main ours are a century better than those of Raikes, yet many schools might copy with profit the pastor's monthly review, the memorizing of choice hymns, and the examination of each class by its teacher as to the minister's text and sermon in the preaching service preceding. Especially should we guard against the mistake as to the *purpose* of Sunday-school work—so naturally made at first,

so culpable if made to-day—the idea that outward morality and *future* conversion is all that we are to work for. A hundred years of experience in Sunday-school labors have taught many, and should teach all, that the true aim of Sunday-school teaching is conversion now in childhood and present upbuilding in actual Christian life.

At the second centennial of Sunday-schools they will have grown out of the "school" errors of the institution as it is commonly found at present, and into the *home-like* and *Church-like* excellences toward which we aim. When teachers become

teacher-mothers and teacher-fathers to their classes and bring to them the atmosphere of *home*, the evils of lecturing and cold mastership will give way to ready questioning, free conversation, and loving fellowship; and as the truth that the Sunday-school is the teaching-service of the *Church* for the conviction, conversion, and culture of old and young gets down into the hearts of Christians generally, the lack of teachers, of adult classes, of funds, and of conversions, so painfully apparent in most Sunday-schools to-day, will change to a generous supply and its resultant fruitage.

MY LITTLE PRIMROSE FLOWER.

THERE grows a golden primrose
In a lone mossy dell;

The place where grows my primrose
I'll not to any tell;

Beneath the shelter of an oak,
That's wrinkled gray with age,
My pet flower blossoms sweetly there,
Safe from the tempest's rage.

A little rill that trickles by
Makes music to my flower,
And wafts itself in dewy spray
To cool its mossy bower.
The speckled trout leap up with joy
When bright it shines and clear,
And April brings its gentle rain
My little flower to cheer.

Spring wakens Nature from her sleep,
There little birds do sing,
To see the trees put forth their buds,
And flowers begin to spring.
The robin makes his cozy nest
Beside my little flower,
And close beneath its shel'tring leaves
His little brood does cower.

When in the west the evening star
Shines like a diamond bright,
The feathered choir in brake and brier
Sing sweet their last good-night;

And ere the morning star has sunk
Behind the Cheviots gray,
They sing to my flower in its mossy bower
Their hymn to the coming day.

At morning dawn a sunbeam steals
Where my pet flower is laid,
And wakes it with a warm soft kiss
Upon its golden head.
My virgin flower, like maiden pure,
Lifts its head to the azure sky,
And wafts perfume from its golden bloom
On the breeze that passes by.

Then come the bees through budding trees;
With a hum of joy they sing
To the flower of my little primrose,
The queen of early Spring;
From its cup of gold they sip
The honey sweet and clear,
And carry home with joyous song
The first fruits of the year.

As 'neath this old oak tree I sit,
I think of boyhood's day,
When, spotless as the primrose flower,
On the sunny bank I lay;
I gazed from earth to vaulted sky,
Till I seemed borne away
To a land of bliss, unlike to this,
Where flowers know no decay.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM.

A MODERN historian says, "If we except the apostles, no body of human beings ever printed so deep a mark into the organization of society as did the Reformers; and if there be any value or meaning in history, the lives, the actions, the characters of such men as these can be matters of indifference to none of us." Whether the name of Erasmus may be properly ranked in this body of human beings is still an unsettled question. Biographers differ widely in analysis of the motives that governed his life. Perhaps Motley was right in concluding that had there been only such reformers as this peace-loving Dutch scholar, the Reformation would have been retarded centuries. Without stint he accords highest honor for his influence in refining taste, elevating scholarship, driving out "the owlish pedantry that had so long flapped and hooted through mediæval cloisters;" but he adds that in the religious strife his name is undeserving of praise.

Grotius says, "but he showed the road to a reasonable Reformation," and Motley replies that if that be true, he was careful not to venture upon it himself to a point of possible danger. Nor does Erasmus, shrewd, vain satirist that he was, allow himself the delight of any self-deception on this point. "I am not," he confesses, "of the stuff of which martyrs are made. I am not of a mind to venture my life for the truth's sake. For me, if it came to the point, I should do no better than Simon Peter."

And when it came to the point he did not much better; yet whether Reformer or only mild rebuker of papal wrongs, whether satirist or slave of the Church, such was his influence over the intellectual life of his age that he, without knowing it, sowed seeds for the great religious harvest. He planted for Luther to reap. Whatever he may have proved when the great religious crisis was upon the Teutonic world, he was a Reformer before the crisis came. If he was laggard or coward in the strife, he yet saw it coming

with a prophet's vision, and helped it to advance with the scourging satire of his pen against monastic abuses and priestly ignorance and vice.

The Reformation, standing out as it does clearly defined against the background of the ages, has such a prominence among the world's religious events as tempts us to forget that it did not spring into existence like a tornado, whose track we can not trace. We forget that it was the child of slow processes of reaction and rebellion against tyranny, superstition, and greed—the child of the light, that had come as unheralded and as silently as the dawn. Thought was its mother, prayer its nurse. Great souls, here and there, with all the elements of the Reformation in them, had been struggling against spiritual thralldom for generations; great minds had been thinking out the problem of human destiny as affected by the ecclesiastical attitude toward the people, and among these minds none was more profound in research, more liberal and kindly in purpose, more earnest in the dissemination of light than that of Erasmus, the most eloquent theological and classical scholar of his age.

While it is the connection of his career with this great vital religious problem that naturally arises in contemplating his life, yet apart from that connection the life is full of interest as a special illustration of what may be achieved by genuine love of learning dominated by a resolute will. Impossible as it is to reproduce in any degree a vivid picture of his career, yet a brief outline of a few of its prominent events may help us to rightly estimate the character to which, as Dean Milman says, it is difficult to be calmly just.

In a certain sense Erasmus was a man of all ages and times, and, in speaking of his babyhood it is not easy to put it back to a quarter of a century before the Western world was sought by Columbus. The pitiless hand of the monastic system, specially

covetous of the youth of the land, had blighted his life from his birth. His father, Gerard Praed, one of the ten sons in an humble household, had been designed for the life of the cloister, which he escaped by fleeing to Rome, where he earned his livelihood by transcribing classical works, since the day of printing had not come. Gerard afterward took upon him the vows he had abhorred, and left the care of his son to his mother, Margherita, the daughter of a physician who had been an early friend.

To induce him to take the step that parted them forever, a rumor of Margherita's death was brought to him in Rome, and before he discovered the deception the irrevocable vow had been spoken that condemned him to the life of a monk. The little lad bore his father's name, Gerard, Latinized after a while into Desiderius, and then changed by himself to the Greek Erasmus. It would not have been strange if his hatred of monkhood had been imparted as soon as his infant mind could be taught to hate, but his mother evidently forgave the institution that had robbed her of her husband and her child of its parent, perhaps, because she knew no better or other way to educate her boy than to accept for him what the ecclesiastical scholars could give.

We hear of him first at a school in Gonda, whose teacher thinks him a dunce. But at nine years of age they discover that the lad's voice is pure and sweet, and he is taken to Utrecht to become a chorister in the cathedral. Then, too, he became a pupil at Deventer, a school kept by a religious brotherhood not bound by vows. Here his mother came with him and personally watched his progress, securing him instruction in drawing and designing. Here Hegius was his teacher, and, differing from the earlier instructor, prophesied that the boy would attain to the highest summits of learning. Erasmus says of this school, that here he went through the whole course of scholastic training, logic, physics, metaphysics, and morals, and learned all of Terence and Horace by heart. Yet, even here, that which Milman calls "inveterate monkish proselytism had begun its work upon him." To show the

secret of some of his after bitterness of feeling on this subject I quote from his own account of these trials. "There was no youth," he says, "of good fortune, whom the monks and friars did not study to break and seduce to their service. They spared neither flatteries, insults, terrors, nor horrible tales to drive us into the fold. I was of a very pious disposition, but wise enough to plead that I could not take vows without my parent's permission." But the harassed boy was soon deprived, alas! of even that excuse by the death of both his parents. There was some property, and his father had left it in charge of friends, who proved utterly unfaithful to their trust. Desiring the money for themselves, it became now more important than ever that they should induce the boy to enter the cloister. The fortune was sufficient for his education, and the father's desire accorded with the ambitions of the son, that the latter should be entered at one of the famous universities of Europe. But university life was costly, and instead of entering upon it, the youth was sent to an institution at Herzogenbusch, conducted by a brotherhood who made it the object of their school to train youths for the cloister. Here he remained during two of the most impressive years of his life, and the pictures of his school life as delineated by one of his biographers leave no room for surprise at the pitiful and paralyzing effect upon the young scholar's mind.

Ignorance, bigotry, and cruelty marked the character of his instructors. He had already outgrown their knowledge; but, while unable to instruct him, they would not allow him to instruct himself. When fasting had reduced the body to weakness, the mind was assailed by all horrible tales of the fate of those young men who refused the sheltering sanctities of the convent. Goblins and devils were invented to startle the imagination, penalty followed every deviation from the rules of the order; scourging was a frequent discipline; yet the boy resisted persuasions and persecutions alike, and pursued with unswerving fidelity his purpose to devote himself to study.

Yet this very longing to study which

proved the strongest ally to his resistance against a monastic life became when all schemes failed the great temptation to that life. He had had a lonely boyhood, and homeless and motherless, his heart a gentle heart from first to last, held closely to his friends. And the one intimate friend of his boyhood, a schoolmate at Deventer, older in years than himself, selfish and ambitious, had entered a cloister at Stein. "Not," says one, "from piety, but for ease and self-indulgence as the last refuge of the needy and idle."

Through the representations of this friend as to the charming life of literary leisure the convent afforded, such as books without stint, companionship of men in sympathy with his own pursuits, untrammelled freedom, uninterrupted time, he was persuaded to enter upon his probation there. His hunger for knowledge overleaped all barriers raised by his conscious unfitness for the life. He loved freedom, but for freedom to study he would be a slave in all things else. His body, frail and sensitive, was unfit for vigils or fasts, yet he would suffer hunger and cold, and mind it little, if only he could feed the brain and keep the lamp of thought aglow. And this he did, till blinded by its light, he reached the edge of the precipice, and was ready to take his final vows, before he saw clearly the reality of the monastic life, to which he was about to be irrevocably sealed.

Then, indeed, he drew back, pleaded, rebelled, struggled in the ever-tightening bands, but in vain. His guardian, to whom he sent in his despair, fearing, perhaps, that if his victim escaped, he might be required to account for the youth's inheritance, opposed his release. His friend, unwilling to resign so cheap a tutor, gave the struggling boy no aid. All influences urged one way, and under the combined pressure Erasmus took on his lips the vows against which already his heart rebelled.

Had he found his new life a continuation of the old, the monk might have been lost in the scholar, and instead of its severest satirist the monastic system might have found in Erasmus its ablest defender. But, alas, the promised leisure for study was now filled

with rigorous, often menial labors. Meaningless prayers were multiplied on his unwilling lips, harsh discipline took the place of fatherly sympathy, and refined companionship gave place to enforced association with disgusting and ignorant men. If, as many think, Erasmus revealed in this his first yielding of conviction to the pressure of cowardly expediency, the weakness that marred his career at every critical moment of his life, he ought certainly to have learned a lesson from the bitter repentance that followed his first attempt to accomplish his desires at the cost of his conscience. And he did learn, in part, so that for many years he was careful to what yoke he bowed his head, and once free he tried to keep free from the ecclesiastical chain. Had he endured to the end, had he not at the last bowed in all the strength of maturity as here at Stein he bowed in youth to the mandate of the Church, there would be no doubt to-day of his place in the ranks of reform.

The five years of cloister life, in which the young brother gave himself to learning with all the devotion of a heart that has nothing else to live for or to lose, were not lost years. He shared in no revels of the monks, and, on the contrary, was unsparing in his contempt of the profligacy and ignorance of the fraternity, who hated him as he scorned and sneered at them.

They were not unwilling to part with him, when the bishop of Cambray, who had heard of his learning, desired him to go with him as his private secretary to Rome. The journey was not taken, as the bishop lost his hope of being made cardinal; but he retained Erasmus in his service, and after a time promised to grant him the desire of his heart, a chance to study at a university. He had already taken priestly orders, and the bishop promised to support him at Paris at college, support which, it must be said, he utterly neglected to bestow. If the life at the monastery of Stein was hard what can be said for that in Paris, which was far more comfortless and severe? No description can equal that given by Erasmus himself.

Reading of these hardships we no longer wonder at the exceeding care which, in after life, Erasmus took of his health. From the illness contracted in Paris he was never in his after life free, and robust men have sneered at his love of ease and his tender care of the body, forgetting how closely courage is allied to good digestion. If the sons of the rich, who could pay for outside luxury, suffered, how much more the poor student, who had absolutely nothing but his pensionate or right to shelter and food in the college, from hard bed, scanty food, rigid vigils, and unceasing work. "In the first year of my experience," he says, "I saw many youths of great gifts, of the highest hopes and promise, some of whom actually died, some were doomed for life to blindness, to madness, to leprosy. No one was exempt from these dangers and disciplines, and even the generous spirits of the sons of the affluent were broken under them. Personal chastisement was not uncommon. They breakfasted on bits of dry bread; they were sent in the depth of Winter to the well for water, and this was often frost-bound, or fetid and unwholesome. The sleeping rooms were on the ground-floor, and the walls were damp with mold and plaster, and the beds stocked with vermin."

On the promise of the bishop to provide for him Erasmus soon learned that he could not rely. The money for clothes, for books, fees, and lectures was, if at all, only irregularly supplied. Surely a mind that under such conditions so grew in knowledge that, notwithstanding his homeless, orphaned, and friendless poverty, it attracted the friendship of the most distinguished scholars in Europe, was one of no ordinary fiber and force. Already literature was making for itself a kingdom in the world apart from the Church, and through the open portals of thought the young scholar passed swiftly and took his own high place. For the mind he used every advantage offered by the college, and for the necessities of life he began to take private pupils, and his reputation for learning brought to him pupils from the wealthiest and most distinguished names in the land. So many desired his instruction

that he could choose the best. He began with the son of a rich burgher of Germany, who gave place to a member of the almost royal house of Grey.

With the superintendence of the education of Lord Mountjoy began a life-long friendship that affected all Erasmus's after career. It took him to England, and opened to him some of the most charming phases of English life. The pension his pupil settled upon him later was continued through the years. At first, driven by necessity to accept whatever pupils offered, he was soon able to refuse offers like that of the Earl of Derby, who promised a benefice, a loan of three hundred crowns, till it should be vacant, and one hundred crowns a year if the great scholar would prepare the earl's son for a bishopric. His employers became his patrons. Lord Mountjoy proved a liberal host, and the finest minds of the kingdom gave him warm welcome. He found quick recognition and true appreciation in scholars, and the nobility flattered and petted and heaped presents upon him. He began now the friendship with More, which was the solace and delight in all the after years to both. During this visit to England he learned Greek, in which he could have had instruction in Paris but for the pitiful lack of means. In Latin no one surpassed him, though Budæus, who was at the same time his friend and his rival, was the better scholar in Greek. English he did not understand at this time, nor ever after. He disdained all modern languages, and when later in life he was presented with the living of Aldington in Kent he resigned it on the plea that he could not pretend to feed a flock of whose language he was ignorant.

During this first visit, which lasted two years, he was a pupil more than a teacher; his promise received the adulation that only fulfillment merits, and he went away laden with the gifts of his friends. During the seven years that passed before Erasmus returned to England the promise of his youth had, indeed, been fulfilled,—he was the great Transalpine scholar. Those years had been passed in Paris, whence he was twice driven by the plague, in Holland, and various other

countries, living every-where the life of a scholar and teacher, constantly growing in reputation and power. No one ranked with him except Reuchlin, whose fame was confined chiefly to Hebrew learning, to which Erasmus made no pretension.

In this interval had appeared the first edition of his "Adagia." Its vast erudition excited the admiring astonishment of the world of letters. This work traces to their origin, says Dean Milman, all the strange and recondite sayings of classic authors. Erasmus arranged them under different heads in alphabetical order, and sometimes took one adage as a text for a long dissertation, and the work is, therefore, a very curious storehouse of his opinions. Under Simulation and Dissimulation he discusses the wealth and pomp of the clergy. On "Macho Indoctine" he brands the ignorance and immorality of the monks.

The most obscure writer receives his notice: The extensive reading the work reveals astonishes even students, and, if for nothing else, it deserved its reception as a gigantic monument of industry. Edition followed edition. Paris, Strasburg, Venice all reproduced the work, and every-where the people waited for it to be prepared.

A second short visit to England renewed his friendships, though the most precious, such as that with More and Colet, had suffered no interruption. He resided for a time at Cambridge, and received the degree of doctor of theology. This visit refilled his purse and enabled him to carry out his long-cherished hope of visiting Italy, whither he went in 1507.

He brought to the sunny land a scholar's dreams of open universities, of rare libraries, of cities where every enthusiasm for literature or art was encouraged, where lavish and princely patronage awaited the man of letters. He stayed long enough to know that the country was no peaceful retreat for meditative minds, but was utterly given over to convulsions of war, and that prelate and prince, and even the pope himself, went forth to battle, not exactly for the cause or with the weapons prescribed by the Prince of Peace.

This state of things supplied the pen of Erasmus, whose nature and principles were both of a most peaceful order, with abundant subjects for satire, which he used unsparingly alike on whining monk and martial pope. At Turin the university presented him with the degree of doctor of theology; at Bologna he lived a year, and during this time the plague, which had twice driven him from Paris, broke out, and the physicians and watchers of the infected persons were distinguished by a white cloth upon the shoulder. Erasmus, who had never laid aside the white scapula of his order, was mistaken for one of these attendants, and as he prided himself on not knowing a word of Italian, came near losing his life in a mob on account of wearing the plague mark and yet mingling with people who feared contagion.

In Venice he superintended his work through the famous Aldine press, and became a warm friend of the Aldi. At Padua the brightest minds of the day vied in showing him honor. In Rome the cardinals who were patrons of letters bestowed upon him every attention, and the pope gave him a dispensation from his vows, and offered him every emolument to induce him to remain in Italy and give his learning and talent to the service of the Church. But Erasmus, already skilled in temporizing, though he responded to the pope's wish in so far as to give before him an exhibition of his power in debate, arguing at different times both for and against the projected war against Venice, yet in his heart scorned the public acts and private life of the papal court, and above all things had a deep-rooted hatred of war. He did not say much about it, however, until he was well on his way to England, where he was induced to return by the persuasions and promises of his friends on the accession of Henry VIII to the throne.

On the journey northward over the Alps and down the Rhine the scholar's opinion of the condition of pope, cardinals, and priests, and his views of the papacy itself, found voice in the famous satire called the "Praise of Folly." His habit was to compose and arrange as he journeyed, and to

write out his thoughts when he stopped at night. He finished the composition after he crossed to England in the house of Thomas More, who, his biographer says, enjoyed the kindred wit, nor took alarm at the tremendous sarcasm against the whole papal scheme.

No adequate impression of the work can be given in a few words. So great was its popularity that seven editions sold in a few months, and twenty-seven during the author's life, and it was translated into many tongues. The famous colloquies that followed were not less bold nor less popular. Both works, says one, were in every house and school, and we suspect in every cloister. The "Encomium" handled every thing weak or wicked in monkish or priestly ways with a touch sweet and playful as that of a child, but under the words was the sting and sneer of the most biting sarcasm. The "colloquies" did not let one superstition go unmocked or one vice escape the scourges of his scorn.

At first the ecclesiastical world laughed with the rest, though for far less heretical words men have been persecuted and burned at the stake. And when the Church recovered from its astonishment and began to see itself caricatured and offered its indignant protest, it only served to advertise the work, till when news of the proscription of the "colloquies" arrived, a printer of Paris immediately struck off twenty thousand copies more. It was not altogether a satisfactory life in England. King Henry's patronage did not fulfill the expectation which had lured the scholar back to his realm. Cardinal Wolsey's noble promises of nothing less than a bishopric ended in words. Through the influence of the bishop of Rochester Erasmus was made professor of divinity at Cambridge, and afterward professor of Greek. His rooms were in Queen's College, and a walk is still called by his name.

But even Cambridge was a disappointment. The pupils were few, he missed his London friends Mountjoy and More and Colet. Between the two latter and himself an ever growing friendship existed. More afterward withdrew from the Romish Church,

but was at this time tolerant of its abuses, and tolerant too of the satire of Erasmus against them. With Colet's ideas he was in full sympathy, and like brothers they warred together against the scholasticism which had already lost its hold in part, but which still fought in the cloistral schools and wherever in the colleges the Church held sway against the new and more liberal education. Not content with attacking abuses, says D'Aubigné, he labored to recall divines from scholastic theology to the study of the Scriptures. "The highest use of the revival of philosophy," said he, "will be to discover in the Bible simple and pure piety." "I am firmly resolved," again he said, "to die in the study of the Scriptures."

Dean Colet's school at St. Paul's had the help of Erasmus's pen in favor of its teaching and the benefit of text-books and manuals prepared by himself. He wrote not grammars only for his friend, but hymns and prayers to the child Jesus, and during all the years of his stay in England threw the weight of his influence toward a more liberal and refined education.

Various reasons have been assigned by authors for his departure from Cambridge, chief among which lies disappointment in his English career and hope of a wider field at the court of Charles of Austria, who had invited him to the court at Brussels or at Rome, where his old friend Cardinal de Medici was now as Leo X occupying the papal throne. Charles made him councilor, with small salary and the privilege of residing where he pleased. The pope offered a bishopric in Sicily, but Erasmus, who liked to have all things offered, was yet careful to accept no duties by which his liberties of movement could be curtailed. He had no kindred, and his native city had never been his home. He belonged to all times and to the whole world. Books and manuscripts were scattered widely. Printers to whom great works could be intrusted were very few. He lived in libraries. Some one says three things made home for him—books, printing, and literary friends.

At this time there came from his old convent at Stein an invitation to return. The

brotherhood envied the world the possession of its great scholar. Erasmus's reply to this invitation is one of the finest of this great collection of valuable letters. It is a dignified letter, but the fire of contempt for the whole system, kindled by the hard experience of his youth, had never gone out, and fed by the observation of the years it flamed out in scorching words that must have burned in the hearts of more cloisters than that of Stein. There was no temporizing or hesitancy of utterance on this point. He denounces the degeneracy, ignorance, selfishness, and sensuality of the system with unsparring scorn.

Suggestions constantly arising in the study of his life as to his lack of courage, make peculiarly refreshing this fearless outbreak of his opinion. His position, already secured, as the greatest scholar, and almost the greatest theologian, of his day, allowed him freedom of speech that would not have been granted to any other. He denounced, condemned, ridiculed every clerical abuse, and though an object of jealousy and suspicion, he was also an object of fear. He spoke bravely, overcame easily his few opponents, and required no great courage in the earlier part of his career. His vanity was nurtured by adulation, which he was accused of seeking; but which came often, too, unsought, and the proudest cities were proud to secure him as a resident. From the court of England he was tempted to the court of Brussels, but Henry VIII would have had him back on almost any terms. The Archduke Ferdinand paid him the greatest attention. The elector of Bavaria offered him the presidency of the university at Ingolstadt. Sigismund, the king of Poland, sent him letters and gifts. The king of France invited him again and again, and the popes of his day made most flattering offers of positions of influence and power, while the scholars of every land united to do him homage. The work that he did with the aid and comfort of this adulation was noble work for religious freedom; and that he could not have been its martyr should not rob him of the honor of preparing the way and making the paths plain for those who were to come.

As time passed on and the marvelous effect of his writings was felt, there was aroused against him the bitterest hatred from the orders whose vices and weaknesses he mercilessly exposed. It was at its worst, perhaps, when, in 1516, he went to Basle, and issued the first printed edition of the New Testament from manuscript, a work which required no common honesty or courage, "for it presumed," says Milman, "to call in question the authority of the Vulgate, which had held uncontested sway over the western mind for centuries." He says suspicion, jealousy, as well as awe, greeted the work. Scholars and pretenders to learning fell on it with rabid violence; but it had the pope's name on its front, and behind that Erasmus fought till he silenced all controversy. The immense industry required for the work, as well as its critical ability, should have secured the admiration of all modern Biblical scholars.

Says one author, "Erasmus was the parent of all Biblical criticism;" another, "He was not editor only, but interpreter of the New Testament to the western world." Another calls him "the parent of sound, simple, historical exposition of the sacred writings." Milman says, "He struck down boldly through layers of mystic, allegoric, scholastic, and traditional lore, which had been ages accumulating over the Gospel, and laid open the vein of pure gold, and gave the obvious literal meaning of the apostolic writings." A translation of the paraphrases was ordered to be placed in all English churches.

But having furnished a key to the treasure-house of Scripture, he wanted all the world to enter, and we hear his voice ringing out for once boldly as Luther's, when he says, "I altogether and utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the Holy Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, should be read by private persons, as though the teachers of Holy Writ were so abstruse as to be only intelligible to a very few theologians, or as though the safety of these Scriptures rested on man's ignorance of them. It may be well to conceal the mysteries of kings, but Christ commanded that his sayings be published as widely as possible." "Would," he

adds, "that the Scriptures were translated into all languages, that they might be read and known not only by Scots and Irishmen, but even by Turks and Saracens;" and (wonderful stretch of the masculine magnanimity), he is even willing that *women* should read the Gospels and the epistles of St. Paul.

At whatever conclusion the student of the life of Erasmus may arrive concerning its great controlling principles, he can not fail to be impressed by the evidences of its very remarkable industry. The aggregate of his work in comparison with that of modern scholars is immense. In the classics he edited editions of at least ten of his favorites both in Latin and Greek. His treatises, expositions, and controversies were voluminous, and his valuable epistles are almost beyond compute. Nor was this all. His editions of the early Fathers, ten in all, began with his favorite, St. Jerome, with an attempt at the entire works of Origen, at which he was engaged at the time of his death. His biographer says his books were many in number and size; many folios closely printed, and filled, some of them, to the very margin, testify to his untiring industry. At the time of the preparation of his edition of the New Testament Erasmus, declining all offers of residence at court made to him by different monarchs, chose to establish his home in Basle. Thither came to him letters from kings, praises from scholars, homage from the whole world of letters. Homeless, he had made all cities proud to be his abode; friendless, the greatest in all nations vied to do him honor. Free from the thralldom of monastic brotherhood, he entered with all humanity into fraternal bonds.

His best work was done. No man had done more than he up to this time to expose the degradation of the fallen Church; no voice had called through the nations more publicly than he, "Prepare the way of the Lord." He was at the zenith of his fame. It was a good time to die. Had he died then the Reformation would have come all the same; his great work in preparing men's minds for it would have been acknowledged, and his after history spared the shadow that darkens the page.

As we approach that shadow Erasmus's favorite maxim arises naturally to the mind, "Let in the light, and the darkness will disappear." We let in the light of every excuse upon his action, or rather his lack of action, when the Reformation burst upon the Teutonic world at the burning of the papal bull. We remember his immense service in opening the eyes of thinkers every-where to the dangers of monkish superstition and of papal despotism. We see his touch in the slow gathering cloud, and try to forget that he shrank when the cloud became a whirlwind and the tempest threatened destruction to that which he had so striven to overturn. We remember that years were creeping upon him, and physical weakness called for repose and not for strife. We remember that from nature and principle he hated warfare, and that in his mind the woes and cost of battles far outweighed the value of any victories that might be won. Again, we remember that he knew no weapons but those which the student wields. Absolute truth, he reasoned, was not essential to the vulgar mind, but for those only who could receive it. Give all the Scriptures, give learning to all who could receive it. Leave the heaven to work, and gradually the minds of the few would drop their garments of evil and stand forth clad in the light. Evil practices and superstitions would depart before the dissemination of true teaching, and excitement and violence, he thought, only stood in the way of the light.

These were, we must admit, real sentiments, not born of timidity, but acted upon as truly before as after the crisis came. To espouse the cause of Luther, after Luther's manner, was to act against his judgment. He did not think Luther's way was best. Strange as this may seem to us, the faith of Erasmus in a peaceful Reformation had its ground in the work of his whole life. To abandon his theory was to go contrary to his convictions—to abandon his methods. The abuses against which Luther fought Erasmus had already attacked with his pen, but when called upon for more zealous warfare, he counseled a more prudent and pa-

tient strife. He would have had Luther protest and remonstrate, but his protest should be offered in conciliatory spirit, and not in a spirit of open revolt. He would have had the Church, on the other hand, abate its abuses, purify itself from within, using clemency and mercy even toward her accusers. He wanted them to "let in the light," but not to curse the torch-bearer. He approved no thunderings of revolution, on the one hand, and no tyranny over thought, on the other.

Nothing can show more clearly his misapprehension of the importance of the contest than this pacific attitude. It was no time to be on both sides of the question, and the day of mediation was past. Secundus Como says, Luther felt the whole career of Erasmus gave him a right to expect his support, and through him the support of the educated classes, which his literary reputation placed so largely under his control; and, therefore, he could hardly be patient with the scholar's vacillations and inconsistencies. "You are trying to walk on eggs without breaking them," said he; while adherents of Erasmus, deploring the rashness of Luther, said, "Luther tries to force the door of which Erasmus had already picked the lock," and that Luther only "hatched the eggs which Erasmus laid." Luther, however, disowned the brood, and felt, what later thinkers have often said, that had the Erasmian ideas prevailed, the educated classes would have been mere skeptics, the multitudes sunk in superstition.

So, though Erasmus had pointed his lance stinging with satire at every opinion and practice condemned by Luther; though on many vital questions they were agreed; though Erasmus's knowledge of ecclesiastical literature gave him weapons against error such as Luther could not wield; though they both appealed to the Scriptures as the standard of truth,—yet the two men could not make common cause. To Luther the truth was every thing, the truth he must have at any price. For Erasmus, the truth, if peaceably it might prevail; but he would rather surrender some portion of the truth than to disturb the peace of the world.

Still the Reformation kept on its way, and so far as Erasmus was concerned, unhindered and unhelped. Luther and the Lutherans exhausted exhortation and sarcasm upon him. The papists tried flatteries, promises, and solicitation. Princes tempted, kings offered honors, the pope himself condescended to urge him to return to full communion in the Church and array himself against the reform. When, after the insurrection of February, 1529, the papal religion was prohibited in Basle, and those who opposed the new doctrine were obliged to depart, Erasmus was among those who left, though he had already been condemned as a heretic by the College of the Sorbonne. He took up his residence at Fryburg, in the territory of Ferdinand of Austria. Still he tried to maintain his neutral ground; but was considered by the reformers a cowardly apostate, by papists a cowardly hypocrite. It grew harder and harder for the harassed old man to bury himself in books, when, blind himself as he might, he could not but feel the heart of the German people throbbing out the longing for the very religious liberty which he had taught them to desire and which his whole teaching had inspired.

And not the heart of Germany alone, but that of England, too, was in tumult, the nation that had drunk deepest of his discontent with the Church was preparing the martyr's death for More, his friend, the man whom of all men, perhaps, he loved the best. In France, too, the man who, perhaps, of all men loved him the best was hastening to his glorious death—Berquin, to whom when it came the blazing stake was like a chariot of fire on which his soul sped swift to God; Berquin, whose crime was that he translated and disseminated the proscribed writings of Erasmus. He did not wait for these blows to fall, but he must have felt them coming. Slowly, reluctantly, step by step, he had drawn near the arena. At first he praised Luther's work, then refused to condemn, then silently disapproved, then deplored his rashness aloud, then criticised his methods and motives, then gave sharp retaliation to his attacks, and finally, yet still reluctantly, entered the lists against him. The Church

knew the value of its ally; but the service he rendered in his diatribe on the "Freedom of the Will," while it served to define his own position, served little the cause of which he was now the avowed champion. It was like the old Erasmus in the elegant ease of its Latinity and the elaborate finish of its style, and also in the passionless argumentative treatment that showed it to be the work of the intellect alone. His heart was not in it. It did not fall upon an hour favorable to abstract theology or abstruse philosophy, but on an hour when the people were stirred at the very bottom of the heart.

Some one has said of this treatise that it was cool, smooth oil that only made the fire which Luther kindled in his reply, burn more fiercely. Sure it is that the heart-warm, but rough and sturdy eloquence of Luther robbed the argument of its power, and that Erasmus gained by it nothing in fame, and the papacy nothing in influence. So in this slow reluctant effort he was a disappointment to himself, a disappointment to the Church which he served without loving,

and a disappointment to the reform which we believe he loved without serving. Of his service before the Reformation in tearing the veil and the fetters from the Scriptures, in exposing abuses in religion, too much can not be said. He won fairly the influence over the minds of the age, the homage of the great of all nations and the regard of the friends who, Romanist and Protestant alike, comforted his declining years. He gave those years to books, keeping up to the last his industrious habits; and in his favorite pursuits the sands of life ran lower, till he died, disregarding those administrations of religious devotion which he had so much derided in the monks, and fervently imploring the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

His property was left to the poor, his grave was surrounded by students of every creed, his memory has come down to us of to-day as that of a gracious scholar, too gentle to be strong and who, when greatness came so near, that all men longed to see him grasp a crown, had not the courage to be great.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

IT is startling to observe in how many instances a great discovery seems to have hung upon a single thread. One little chance, one event in itself most trivial, and the invention might have been delayed for centuries before it would have presented itself to the mind of another.

I do not know a more curious book than one entitled "A Century of Inventions," published in 1645, by the Marquis of Worcester. It consists of descriptions of a hundred projects which resemble to a remarkable degree inventions which since have rendered men famous; and it is most tantalizing to be unable to discover how far the Marquis of Worcester had gone with the telegraph, with automaton figures, with machines for dredging harbors, with an endless watch which should never need winding, with cannon which should shoot six times in a minute, with flying machines, with light-

ning calculators, with revolvers, with steam-engines, and with many other projects which more fortunate men, as Watt and Stephenson and Morse, have linked with their names through time.

A brave man and a true one was this Marquis of Worcester, and like many another cavalier lost his all in fighting for Charles I, and received no recompense from the ingrate Charles II. There is an amusing story connected with one of his inventions at Raglan Castle, the incidents of which took place during the civil war. The marquis had built some hydraulic machinery for conveying water to the high tower of the castle, and, one day, observing some Roundheads approach, he gave orders to set the water-works, which moved with a great amount of noise, in motion. The marquis writing an account of it to a friend said: "There was such a roaring the poor, silly men

stood so amazed as if they had been half-dead, and yet they saw nothing. At last up comes one of my men, staring and running and crying as he came to them, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the Roundheads tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought half of them had broke their necks, never looking behind them till they were sure they were out of the reach of the beasts of prey!"

Many inventions are the slow growth of ages, while others spring instantly from the inventor's brain, the result of some happy accident, which relieves suffering humanity from some heavy load and sets an iron giant to perform the tiresome task. Watt's steam engine, which we are told advanced the world at one stride a thousand years, was the slow growth of time. It is generally acknowledged as far back as the time of Charles I, that our fun-loving Marquis of Worcester had made a model of a steam engine, but this was never utilized. Newcomen's engine was the first in which was combined a cylinder and piston with a separate boiler. The piston was driven by steam which was afterwards condensed by the application of cold water to the outside; but by a happy accident, a hole was made in the cylinder, which admitted the water to the inside, and it was found to work much better. But Newcomen's engine was only used for pumping water from mines, and was so very expensive, consuming such a quantity of coal that it was an open question whether horse-power was not cheaper in other than coal districts. It was at this critical time, one cool Sunday afternoon in the year 1765, in a stroll across Glasgow green, that Watt conquered nature by "finding out her weak side," conceived the idea of a separate condenser, which abolished the great waste of heat caused by the injection of cold water into the cylinder at every stroke, and utilized what, perhaps, had been lying loosely in his brain ever since his grandmother had given him, when a little boy, such a round scolding for playing with the tea-kettle, and for being such an idle good-for-nothing. Poor Watt seems always to have been the bane of

womankind, and stood in the most deadly fear of his wife as well as of his grandmother. The poor fellow had a little garret fitted up as a workshop, and here he often cooked his own meals, as his wife had such a horror of his leathern apron and soiled hands, that it was necessary for him to go through with a lengthy cleansing process before he dared to present himself in her presence.

Among the accidental improvers of the steam-engine, was a fun-loving boy by the name of Humphrey Potter, whose duty it was to open the valves for the admission of steam. This youthful genius soon discovered that by uniting the valve by a string to another part of the machinery, the work would be better done and he have more time for bird's-nesting than he had hitherto enjoyed. This arrangement, rude as it was, continued till 1788, when Henry Beighton constructed an engine in which the valves were worked by a rod connected with the beam. Of poor Humphrey Potter, whose genius for fun combined with observation was so largely developed, we hear nothing further. This invention, though it has been of great importance to the world, brought him neither fame nor pelf, and took from him the only occupation he had (save that of bird's-nesting), so it is to be presumed he grew disgusted with inventing and devoted himself entirely to ornithological pursuits.

Another accidental improvement was the steam blast. As the engine puffed along and the engineer gazed anxiously down the iron track to see that all was right, the waste steam was constantly blowing in his face, preventing a clear view of the road, which was both unpleasant and dangerous. Somebody, it is not known who, said, "Let us send the steam up the chimney," and a new pipe was made connecting each cylinder with the smoke-stack. Before, bellows worked by the engine had always been necessary to keep up the fires; but to the great astonishment of the engineers, not only was the steam annoyance done away with, but the bellows were no longer needed. The hot steam being discharged into the comparatively cold chimney, a vacuum was produced, by the air which rushed through the furnace

to fill, and, of course, the faster the engine went the faster the steam was sent up the chimney, and the greater the draft through the furnace.

The cases of the discovery of the law of gravitation and of animal magnetism are too well known to need mention here; but one thing is forcibly brought to mind in the case of Sir Isaac Newton. Apples had been dropping to the ground since the world was made—at least according to the popular idea that the fruit which tempted Eve was an apple—but who had deduced from that fact any great law, or even given the matter a second thought? But here was Sir Isaac Newton, whose life was given up to study, whose relaxations were mechanical experiments and dabbings in ancient chronology, in whom the passions of other men, love, power, possessions, were totally absent, he, lying under the tree, the blue sky bending over him, still in his youth, only twenty-three, heard the twig snap, saw the apple leap to the earth, and the question which had been in his mind for months, Why does the moon go round the earth and the planets round the sun when it is natural for bodies in motion to go straight on? was answered, and the great discovery of the age made. It is the free, not the vacant, mind which discovers great truths, and if you are thinking upon any question, keep it before your mind, and suddenly a thing *happens*, as we say—something which has been taking place for ages, but it occurs for the first time for you, and your problem is solved.

It was a beautiful tribute to Newton from Pope, a just as well as a generous thing for him to say, that his life and manners would make as great a discovery of virtue, goodness, and rectitude of heart, as his works had done of penetration and the utmost stretch of human knowledge. And yet he was the man to exclaim, "I have gathered but a few shells upon the shores of time."

One day an honest man named Joshua Heilman sat in his little cottage in Alsace with his head upon his hand, thinking over his troubles, the greatest of which was his poverty. His daughters were many, while his dollars were few and hard to get, and the

absorbing question was how to provide with food and clothing the dependent girls who were so dear to him. Upon this particular day he sat moodily watching them as they dressed their long, golden tresses, their only wealth. As they combed their yellow locks he noticed they drew the curling hair through their fingers and an idea flashed upon the lucky man. Why could not this process be imitated in dressing long staple (the long thread of wool, cotton, or flax), a commodity which had hitherto baffled all machinery? He acted upon the happy thought, and soon constructed a machine with a double action. By one the long fibers were combed out smoothly, by the other the comb was reversed and drew back the short threads. The machine was an entire success, and made the fortunes of both father and daughters.

Once there lived in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman by the name of Lawrence Coster, who kept the keys of the cathedral of that city. He was fond of taking a walk after dinner, and used often to indulge himself by going to a wood just without the city walls. One day, more than four hundred and fifty years ago, he went out as usual to take his after-dinner constitutional when, as he walked musingly along, he chanced to notice lying near him a very smooth piece of beech bark. Though the old gentleman was Dutch, he possessed all a Yankee's fancy for whittling, and upon this memorable walk he cut out upon the wood several letters. And he cut them so well that he was rather proud of them, and took the piece home, stamped the letters upon paper, and gave them to his son for a copy. After this he thought a good deal of this little circumstance. He cut more letters out of wood, and, covering them with ink, he stamped them upon paper, and after much work and much thinking, he finally stamped whole pages of letters, and so printing was invented. Poor old Lawrence Coster had little comfort from his discovery, as one of the apprentices, whom he found it necessary to hire, and upon whom he had enjoined great secrecy, and who, some people think, was John Gutenberg, ran off

with most of his wooden type and entire pages of a book he was about to print. The old gentleman's statue is upon the market-place at Haarlem, and some of his rough, dingy-looking old books, printed with very poor ink, are still to be seen in that city. There is no date attached to them, but antiquarians assign them to an earlier time than either Faust or Gutenberg, who generally have all the glory of the discovery of printing.

The time is a hundred years ago, and the scene a small bare cottage. A humble, illiterate weaver, awkwardly enough, has just overturned a common, one-thread, hand spinning-wheel—the only kind known. As it lies upon the floor, both wheel and spindle continue to revolve. A thought quick as inspiration darts upon him. It possessed his whole being in a second of time. Why can not a row of spindles be set side by side? Why can not one hand drive them all? Why can not some mechanical device let through just so much soft thread for each spindle, and so one spinner make eight, sixteen, thirty-two, any number of threads, as easily as one is made? The weaver thought about it for weeks and months. Doubtless his friends pitied him, and thought him half-dart; but he minded none of them, and his new idea possessed him and claimed him for its own. One day, as his sick wife lay in bed, he began marking upon the cottage with a burnt stick, as he was much in the habit of doing of late. He made the lines and curves with which he had grown so familiar over and over again. Suddenly he stopped to think, then quickly adding a line or two, he sprang to his feet, and to his wife's side, exclaiming, "I have it! I have it now!" and seizing her in his arms lifted her to the spot, while in hurried words and with excited manner, he explained to her the way that eight spindles could be run by the same wheel that had been turning only one. "We will call it 'spinning-jenny,' after thee, dear," he said; "they called thee spinning Jenny afore I had thee, because thou bent every lass in Stanhill Moor at the wheel. Yes, yes; it shall be called the spinning-jenny after thee." The new inven-

tion was indeed a great one, and any woman might have been proud to give it her name. It gave a wonderful impetus to cotton manufactures, and where before this industry had crept upon the few slow wheels, it now took wings and fairly flew. At the present day, a hundred and twelve years after the excited weaver lifted his sick wife from her bed to see what he had done, we have in many manufactories twenty-two hundred spindles all managed by one spinner. But poor Hargreaves made little by his grand invention. The weavers, supposing their trade was to be taken from them, raised riots, broke his machinery, and drove him from his home. It broke his heart, and he died. For the vast good he did the human race he has no recompense save that his name will never know oblivion, but will ever be mentioned among great inventors. Richard Arkwright took up his idea, improved upon it, and eventually became Sir Richard, giving employment to five thousand people in his mills, and finally died worth two or three millions of dollars.

The stocking loom was the result of a hasty love match which was made in 1589. William Lee was a bright fellow, and a Cambridge student, but like many another talented young man, he found his own love story much more interesting than those related by Virgil or Homer. His Greek and Latin and mathematics became secondary considerations, and most of his hours were spent with bright, bewitching little Peggy, the innkeeper's daughter, whose flashing eyes and floating curls claimed his admiration much more than the pompous, bewhiskered, bespectacled, stupid old dons of the college. Finally, one day, it was settled between them that it was too long for them to wait till the tedious course should be finished; so, in defiance of the university laws, instead of William Lee's stumbling through his Iliad, Peggy tied on her hat and they went together to the rectory and were married. The grave old dons were dreadfully indignant at this breach of the rules, and forthwith expelled the young lover, resolving to make such a dire example of him as to nip in the bud all love affairs in the future.

The poor young things were cast helpless upon the world with neither friends nor money, and with nothing but Peggy's knitting-needles to depend upon. Peggy was a famous knitter though, and she went bravely to work, while the poor young husband sat helplessly by, gazing at her with both love and despair gleaming in his eyes. One day, though, after he had been watching her nimble needles, with their cheerful click, very earnestly for a long time, it is said he suddenly exclaimed, "Eureka!" "Who?" asked poor Peggy, very anxiously. "It's found, dear; hurrah! I can do it better than you, and ever so much faster." He hastened off, purchased some wires, and after much patient work the stocking loom was an accomplished fact. Young Lee received no encouragement in England, but under the patronage of Henry IV and his great minister, Sully, his invention was introduced into France. Not until after Lee's death was the stocking loom brought before the English people, but it is interesting to know that there are now some fifty thousand looms (of course much improved since the young lover's time) in use in England, and in Nottinghamshire alone forty thousand people are employed in the manufacture of stockings.

The invention of envelopes is within the memory of middle-aged persons, and was the result of a Brighton stationer's endeavors to make his store look attractive. He took a fancy for ornamenting his show windows with high piles of paper, graduated from the largest to the smallest sizes in use, and to bring his pyramid to a point he cut

card board into very minute squares. Ladies took these cards to be small sized note paper, and voted it "perfectly lovely." So great was the demand that the stationer found it desirable to cut paper to the size so much admired, but there was one difficulty. The little notes were so small when folded that there was no space for the address, so after some thought the idea of an envelope pierced the stationer's brain. He had them cut by a metal plate, and soon so great was the demand that he commissioned a dozen houses to manufacture them for him. From such small beginnings came this important branch of the stationery business.

Tinted paper was the result of the accidental dropping of a blueing-bag into one of the vats where paper was being made. The manufacturer, supposing the stationery ruined, stowed it in the warehouse for five years, and then sent it to London to be sold for whatever it would bring. Greatly to his surprise it sold exceedingly well. More of the same kind was ordered, and tinted paper became the fashion of the day.

It was said concerning our late Centennial Exposition that there was exhibited there but one entirely new invention. Have we lost our powers in that direction? Is Nature so poor as to have already given up all the treasures hidden in her dark recesses? As we stand upon the starry heights a hundred years from now, what will our eyes behold? The Atlantic bridged? The people of one hemisphere conversing with those of another through the telephone? The Keely motor a success?

WINTER'S HOPES.

THOUGH 'neath the Winter's dreary chill,
Faded and fall'n lie leaf and flower,
The root, unblighted, liveth still,
And bideth but its coming hour.

And when the first soft gale of Spring
Shall breathe upon that icy chain
All life and joy, the flower shall fling
New sweets and charms abroad again.

Then yield not thou to dark despair,
My heart, 'neath Fortune's bitterest frown;
Love's hope-fed flame yet gloweth there,
And memory still is all thine own.

Though sad and slow the hour the while,
O, doubt it not, 't will bring again
For every tear a brighter smile,
A dearer joy for every pain.

PHIDIAS AND HIS ART.*

EVERY BODY has heard of Phidias and his art, for is not his name a proverb in all the world? And yet comparatively little is known of his life and works. Detached notices here and broken fragments there—this is all we know and possess of that great genius of whom classical antiquity unanimously said: "He had no rival." Not even the dates of his birth and death can be determined with any degree of certainty. Nor is his father, Charmides, anywhere mentioned as his instructor, from which it is inferred that he was not an artist by profession, though being a member of a family that was related to the distinguished artists, the Daedalians, of Athens.

The genius of Phidias was early developed. When still a boy he exchanged the studio of Hegias, or Hegesias, his first master at Athens, for that of Ageladas, at Argos, the most celebrated sculptor of his time. It appears from data still extant, that at the time of the battle at Marathon, Phidias was about twenty-five years of age, and that he already then occupied a prominent position among his contemporary artists. For when the conquerors of Marathon devoted one-tenth of the spoils of war as a thank-offering to Pallas Athene for the purpose of erecting on the Acropolis a bronze statue in her honor, the Athenians chose him from among his numerous competitors to design and execute that work, a work of such colossal proportions and faultless symmetry as to challenge the wonder and admiration of the world for several succeeding centuries.

The life of Phidias embraces the period between the breaking out of the Greek-Persian wars and the beginning of the Hellenic civil war, known in history under the name of the Peloponnesian war (490-431 B. C.). But these fifty or sixty years form a period of purely human culture such as the history

of the world has never witnessed before or since. The Greek-Persian wars ended in making Greece free and rich. The great victories won at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, and sung by poets, extolled by orators, and praised by historians, impressed, as it were, a threefold seal upon its character of national independence and civil liberty, and saved Hellenic culture from the destructive influence of Oriental despotism. By these victories, to use Plutarch's fine expression, Grecian liberty became firmly established upon adamantine rocks. Within fifty years three men—Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon—raised Athens to the first position among the Grecian states. Through Pericles it became "Hellas within Hellas." The name of Greece was lost in that of Athens. Its strong fortifications and powerful fleet gave it security, against foreign enemies, while the transfer within its limits of the federal treasury, the productive silver mines of the country, and its extensive trade and commerce with other nations, made it the abode of opulence, the center of culture and refinement, and the home of art, literature, and philosophy. But the republican traits in the character of the Athenians, intensifying their patriotism and enlarging their public-spiritedness, induced them to devote their large revenues to public purposes. Not splendid palaces and elegant villas were erected by and for its wealthy citizens, but temples, theaters, odeums, basilicas, and propylæa. The rivalry of great and wealthy party leaders contributed much towards the adornment of the city and the advancement of the fine arts. It was a noble ambition to devote one's wealth to the production of works which afforded pleasure to the citizens and enhanced the fame of the city. It is not to be supposed, however, that such liberality and public-spiritedness were the result of a demagogic desire to gain the applause of the multitudes and to control them by specious and deceitful arts. Cimon and Pericles were no more

*Torso: or, Art, Artists, and Art Works of Greek and Roman Antiquity. By Adolf Stahr. Second Improved Edition. Two Volumes. Pp. 642 and 558. Braunschweig: Fr. Vieweg & Son. 1878.

demagogues and tyrants, in the ordinary sense of these terms, than were the people of Athens, whose leaders they were both in the agora and on the battle-field. They were men of great minds and noble purposes, and planned and labored for the greatness and glory of Athens. It was, therefore, a pardonable pride in Pericles, when he caused the magnificent Odeum, built by his order from the wrecks of the conquered Persian fleet, to be constructed in imitation of the gorgeous tent, with its golden dome, from which the Persian monarch had once reviewed his (supposed) invincible fleet.

Indeed, the period of Grecian history in which Phidias lived is a remarkable one. National independence and civil liberty were now in the full possession of the Greeks. They had become conscious of the dignity and worth of their citizenship. As it is now the case in the United States, so it was in Greece;—every citizen had the right and the opportunity to be and to become and to develop into what there was in him, or for what he had a special aptitude; unhampered by oppressive laws and unannoyed by useless police regulations. Hence the fine arts flourished and were brought to unparalleled perfection. Mind and thought were free, their freedom having for the first time been asserted and maintained by the incomparable philosopher Anaxagoras. In poetry, Homer's grand epic, the *Iliad*, had become the common property of the Greek mind and furnished the foundation for its education, while sculptors and painters were embodying his gorgeous imagery in splendid visible forms. Lyric song was brought to perfection by Pindar, and the drama by *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, while a perfect histrionic art furnished ideal forms to the plastic arts, and the latter again in their perfection influenced the former. In short, whatever tended to increase the greatness and fame of Athens, enhance intellectual culture, intensify æsthetic enjoyment, beautify life, and adorn society, was concentrated in that marble-glittering city. In addition to all this, a number of statesmen—*Miltiades*, *Aristides*, *Themistocles*, and *Cimon*—graced their country, whose names shine with luster

on the pages of history; while the name and fame of the still more illustrious *Pericles* eclipse even theirs. To his genius as a statesman and art connoisseur are due the real greatness of Greece and the highest glory of Athens. He was among the people what *Zeus* was among the gods, and his contemporaries called him the "Olympian." It is upon this man we have to direct our attention for a while, before we are able to comprehend *Phidias* and his art.

Pericles was the descendant of an ancient noble family, or, as the Athenians expressed it, "a good one coming from good ones." His father had conquered the Persian fleet at *Mykale*, and his grandfather overthrown the power of the great *Pisistratus*, the ruler of Athens. Aged men saw in the physical and intellectual traits of young *Pericles* a striking resemblance to those of that great tyrant. The early years of his youth and manhood were spent in the military service of his country, in which he displayed great skill, courage, and bravery. But when *Aristides* was dead, *Themistocles* in exile, and *Cimon* in the camp in foreign countries, *Pericles* stepped forth and devoted himself to the advancement of the interests of the poor as against the rich and powerful oligarchs. Forty years he stood at the head of the republic, the greatest democrat among a pure democracy, and the foremost in the public councils, holding his power by no other means than by the greatness of his mind and the nobleness of his purposes and actions. The Athenians looked upon him as the realized ideal of the head of a free state. He was not only the wisest statesman and most successful general, but also the most accomplished orator of his day. Though never writing out his speeches and orations, "he poured forth," as one of his contemporaries said, "thunder and lightning from his lips and shook all Greece by his eloquence." Whatever was great and noble in the mind and character of the Greeks seemed to be concentrated in him. *Pythocles* and *Damon*, the greatest masters of the muses, had been his tutors; while *Anaxagoras* and *Zeno*, the greatest thinkers and dialecticians of his age, were his com-

panions and counselors during his life. Possessing a highly cultivated sense for the true, the beautiful, and the good, he surrounded himself with persons of like tastes. He found in Phidias a true friend and a promoter of his great plans. As regards the varied accomplishments of his great mind and the tender qualities of his large heart, his untiring devotion to the interests of the state, and his keen relish for elevating amusements, his singular freedom from the religious superstitions of his age, and his temperance in eating and drinking, his severity towards evil-doers and his kindness to his friends and the poor, his noble conduct and uncompromising integrity, Pericles towers far above his contemporaries, so that even his rivals and enemies were compelled to pay homage to the greatness of his genius and the nobleness of his character.

Such was Pericles. As the champion of Hellenic liberty against the Persians and as the head of the Ionic Confederation he had made Athens politically the foremost city of Greece. And it was but natural that he should now turn his attention to its decoration, for it was politic that it should be adorned with a beauty equal to its prestige, and be the center of all that was glorious and beautiful in art, literature, and culture. Mention has already been made of the Odeum built by him to serve as a place for musical performances and the recitations of the rhapsodists. Other parts of the city he strengthened and beautified; but it was the Acropolis itself which witnessed the greatest splendors of his administration. Within its limited area arose buildings and statues on which the genius of Phidias and of other artists was employed for years. The colossal bronze statue erected by him to Pallas Athene has already been mentioned. A statue, the warlike appearance of which, according to Pausanias, gained for it the title of "Promachos" (champion), and the gleam of its helmet's plume and uplifted spear was hailed by the homeward-bound seamen as they doubled Cape Sounion.

But the national deity was to receive still greater honors at the hands of Pericles. He proceeded to rear, on the south side of the

Acropolis, a magnificent temple to the virgin goddess known ever since by the name of "Parthenon." It was a masterpiece of architecture, completed in sixteen years, and stood upon the highest platform of the Acropolis, so that the pavement of the peristyle of the Parthenon was on a level with the capitals of the columns of the east portico of the Propylæum. It was built of white marble from the quarries of Mount Pentelicon. Within the outer portico, along the outside of the top of the wall of the building, ran a frieze three feet four inches in height, and five hundred and twenty feet in length, on which were sculptured figures in low relief, representing the Panthenaic procession. These splendid decorations were executed by Phidias. The marvelous beauty of these reliefs, which was heightened originally by color, has been long familiar to the world from numerous illustrated descriptions. The designer of the temple itself was not Phidias, but Ictinus.

Opposite to the Parthenon, on the northern edge of the Acropolis, Pericles reared another remarkable temple, smaller in size than the Parthenon, the "Erechtheum," built in the most graceful forms of the Ionic order, and in beautiful contrast with the severe sublimity of the Parthenon. Then came the construction of the "Propylæum," which, according to Pausanias, among the many glories of the Acropolis, was exceptionally magnificent. In felicity of execution this work rivaled the Parthenon; and in boldness and originality of design surpassed it. It was one of the most splendid of all the buildings of Pericles, and was completed in five years.

The magnificent works of art just mentioned are only a few among the many with which Athens was adorned by Pericles. Even Plutarch, who flourished about five hundred years subsequently, and who was by no means an art enthusiast, confessed that all the glories Rome possessed in ante-imperial times, could not be compared for a moment with the splendor and magnificence of the works of art that sprang into existence at Athens during the administration of Pericles. Nearly thirteen million dollars

were expended by him in the decoration of the city. On one occasion, when the people instigated by his political opponents, murmured against such extravagant expenditure of the public funds, Pericles thundered into their ears from the rostrum: "Well, then, I will assume all expenses myself, but I will set my name on all these offerings to our deities!" The Athenians struck by his high-mindedness and liberality, and desiring to emulate his patriotism, exclaimed: "Take from the public treasury what is needed to carry out your great plans!" They showed themselves worthy of their great leader.

Only a genius recognizes a true genius. Thus Pericles discovered in Phidias a genius of the highest order—an architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, founder-in-bronze, gold and silver smith, carver in ivory, equally perfect in all these arts. Having chosen him in the first instance as his friend and confidential adviser, Pericles appointed him also general superintendent over the numberless artists and mechanics employed by the state, from architects and sculptors down to the carpenters and weavers. Phidias furnished them with plans, designs, or suggestions, as the case might be, for their respective works. Pericles's house was the rendezvous of the great artists and thinkers of Greece. Here were presented and discussed the plans and designs of those great works that were to adorn the city. Any differences of opinion were generally settled by an appeal to Pericles and Phidias, whose decisions were final. On the other hand, Phidias's studio was visited by Pericles and others to encourage him in the execution of his works and to make such suggestions as were deemed necessary for enhancing their beauty and symmetry. Nor is this all. The handsome young men and women of Athens sat willingly for him as models for his artistic creations. Only this co-operation of the highest and the best among the people of Hellas rendered it possible for the plastic arts to reach a degree of perfection never equaled before or since.

But there was another element necessary for their success and perfection, namely, *an appreciative public, and they had such a public.*

The fine arts can not flourish unless they have an appreciative and patronizing public. The truth of this statement is confirmed by their history during the classic and Renaissance periods. Nor is their present state in Europe and America less corroborative; they require a communism in the best sense of the term—and this is the result of education. In Hellas the taste of the public for the fine arts was cultivated by state institutions as well as by the artists themselves, and thus the latter received in return vigorous impulses, fresh inspirations, and new suggestions. The masterpieces of Phidias and his numerous contemporary colleagues found their way not into the palaces and villas of the rich, but into the temples and theaters, the agoras and avenues, the groves and hills. The poor had as much a chance to see and enjoy them as the wealthy; they felt that they, too, had an ownership in them; hence they made themselves well acquainted with the lives, style, method, and peculiarities of the different artists. Art was considered a public affair, in which all alike were interested. Even the theater was a state institution. The poorest citizens were afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the dramatic masterpieces of the poets of his country. While the rich, as a matter of honor, defrayed the expenses connected with "la mise en scène" of a drama, the state, under Pericles's administration, paid the entrance fee for the poor—about six cents a person. Equally free to the public were the musical and rhetorical contests, to say nothing of the performance in public of the various athletic games. It is, therefore, a matter of history that no people of ancient or modern times were such excellent connoisseurs of the fine arts as the ancient Greeks. True, they were, as a general thing, neither book-learned nor artistically polished; but from early youth they were being educated by seeing and hearing what was beautiful and sublime in nature and the fine arts. A lively sympathy for and acquaintance with artists and their works were thus engendered and developed in them, which prepared them to become intelligent and appreciative critics. Later on, the only approach to this

state of things was made by the Italians during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period, during which the fine arts flourished and reached a high degree of perfection. Magnificent churches and splendid chapels, grand palaces and elegant council-halls arose on every side, filled with exquisite statuary and handsome paintings. But never did there exist such a universal community of interest in the fine arts as among the ancient Greeks. This could not but exercise a strong reflex influence upon the position and importance of the artists in social life. They were not regarded as eccentric persons—as is often the case in our days—to be tolerated only because of the amusement they may afford or the works they may have produced. The genius of Phidias, as an artist, and that of Pericles, as a statesman and art-patron, raised them to a position of equality with the highest and best in the public and social life of the Greeks. Art-schools conducted by great masters, like the schools of great philosophers, became centers of æsthetic culture and intellectual power, exercising a not inconsiderable influence upon the religious and political affairs of the state. The production of an art-work like Phidias' statue of Zeus, which, to use the expression of an ancient author, enhanced the sublimity of the worship of that god, was a great event in the religious history of the Greeks. The same was the case with Polyclet's statue of Juno, as with every other statue that represented an embodied ideal of a deity. The reason of this was the worship by the Greeks of ideal beauty embodied in art creations; and from this worship of the beautiful the artists received their inspiration.

Phidias, comprehending the Greek mind, by his art-creations satisfied its longing for the embodiment in visible forms of the ideal beauty with which it invested its deities. Zeus, the father and head of the Olympian gods, and Pallas Athene, his favorite daughter, and the goddess of manly wisdom and strength, are the poetic creations of Homer, whose ideal beauty Phidias embodied in visible forms—consummate masterpieces, or, as Mr. Stahr says, "the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of plastic art." Nine statues of Pallas Athene

proceeded from his hands, three of which were placed on the Acropolis. The first, Athene Promachos, mentioned before, was about sixty feet in height without the base, and, though placed between the Propylæum and the Parthenon, it towered above both. The second, called the "Lemnian Minerva," for the reason that the inhabitants of Lemnos ordered and presented it to Athens, though somewhat smaller in size, excelled the first in exquisite beauty, so that even Phidias considered it as his masterpiece. But the most celebrated of all his statues of Minerva was the one called "Athene Parthenos." Being designed for the Parthenon, it embodied the idea of the *virgin goddess*, as that of Athene Promachos did of the *warrior goddess*. It was placed in the *prodomus*, or front chamber of the temple, where, together with the temple itself, it was considered for centuries the pride and glory of Athens. It was formed of plates of ivory laid upon a core of wood or stone for the flesh parts, while the drapery, the shield, the ægis, the helmet, and other accessories were of solid gold, adorned with a world of exquisitely enlaid designs, forms, and figures, the subjects of which were taken from Athenian legends. No expense was spared by the Athenians to make this statue worthy of the magnificent shrine in which it was to be placed; and it is said that when Phidias intimated his desire to execute it in marble, they directed him to use those materials which were the most costly. Pericles estimated the weight of the gold at forty-four talents, or in value about fifty thousand dollars. The whole was affixed to the statue in such a manner as to admit of its being removed like real drapery. Once, it is said, it was thus removed to be weighed again in order to clear the artist from the charge of having stolen a portion of the gold originally appropriated. In the time of Demetrius Poliorcetes, about 296 B. C., it was permanently removed from the statue by Lachares. Previous to the time of Phidias colossal statues, when not of bronze, were acroliths, the head, hands, and feet being of marble, while the body was of wood, concealed by real drapery; and the substitution

of ivory and gold for these materials is believed to have been his invention.* This great statue was finished in 438 B. C., and, with the Parthenon, was dedicated during the same year.

Shortly afterward the inhabitants of Elis—a district which by the common law of Greece was regarded as sacred on account of its possession of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter and of its being the seat of the most famous of the Greek games, and the quarternal scene of the most splendid Greek assemblages—invited Phidias to Olympia for the purpose of designing and executing a statue of their supreme deity for their temple. He was accompanied by numerous assistants, among whom were Colotes and Alcamenes, sculptors, and Panæus, a painter. In a sacred grove the Eleans built him a magnificent studio, which was still in existence at the time of Pausanias, a Greek traveler and topographer, about A. D. 150. Subsequently an altar was erected in it, and both were dedicated "to all the gods." Here Phidias and his assistants labored assiduously between four and five years before they succeeded in finishing that colossal chryselephantine statue which is known in art-history under name of the "Olympian Zeus." Pausanias, who has given a full description of it, relates that the god himself testified his approval of the sculptor's work by striking the pavement in front of it with lightning; and, according to Arrian, it was considered a calamity to die without having seen it. In the opinion of the different authors of antiquity who have written upon the subject, it was the great artist's masterpiece. The Eleans were so highly pleased with it that they granted him the honor of inscribing the following line upon its footstool: "Φειδίας Χάρμυδον υἱὸς Ἀθηναῖος μ' ἐποίησεν—Phi-

dias, the son of Charmides, the Athenian, made me."

Phidias, in this statue, represented Zeus as seated upon a throne of cedar-wood, holding in one hand an ivory and gold statue of Victory, and in the other a scepter, with his feet supported by a footstool, which, as well as every part of the throne and its base, was elaborately adorned with gold, ivory, ebony, and gems, with enchased work and paintings, with sculptures of precious metals, and with numerous accessory groups and bass-reliefs representing allegories and legends. "The idea," says P. Smith, "which Phidias essayed to embody in this, his greatest work, was that of the supreme deity of the Hellenic nation, no longer engaged in conflicts with the Titans and the giants, but having laid aside his thunderbolt, and enthroned as a conqueror, in perfect majesty and repose, ruling with a nod the subject world, and more especially presiding at the center of the Hellenic union over those games which were the expression of that religious and political union, and giving his blessing to those victories which were the highest honor that a Greek could gain. . . . Expression was given to this idea not only by the whole proportions and configuration of the statue, but more especially by the shape and position of the head. The height and expansive arch of the forehead, the masses of hair gently falling forward, the largeness of the facial angle, which exceeded ninety degrees, the shape of the eyebrows, the perfect calmness and commanding majesty of the large and full-opened eyes, the expressive repose of all the features, and the slight forward inclination of the head, are the chief elements that go to make up that representation which from the time of Phidias downward has been regarded as the

* For a full description of this wonderful statue the reader is referred to Mr. Stahr's excellent work (the title of which is given at the beginning of this article), Vol. I, pp. 176-180, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in this article. In some of the subsequent pages of the book the reader will also find descriptions of five Minerva statues, exhumed at different times and places. From a minute examination of them it becomes evident that they are imitations, or copies, of some of Phidias's Minerva statues, executed by unknown sculptors of ancient Rome. The first of

these—Pallas of Velletri, called so from the place where it was found—is preserved in the Louvre at Paris; the second—Minerva Chigi—in the gallery at Dresden; the third in the museum at Cassel; the fourth—Minerva Giustiniani—in the Vatican at Rome; the fifth in the Villa Albani. They are all of colossal size, and are said to be of exquisite workmanship. Another Minerva statue is found in the Hope Collection, London; another at Naples, and still another in the Villa Ludovisi, belonging to an Athenian. They are all worthy of careful study by art-students, especially young sculptors.

perfect ideal of supreme majesty and entire complacency of the 'father of gods and men' impersonated in a human form."

It appears, then, as if Zeus himself, in all his glory and majesty as pictured by the Greek imagination, had been sitting for Phidias as a model. A legend says that the Olympic god had appeared to him in a dream in exactly the form in which the artist produced his statue. The same was said of Onatas, after having executed his celebrated statue of Ceres for Phigalia, and of Parrhasios, after having finished a painting of Heracles. We find similar legends recorded of Raphael and other artists of the Christian art-period. The meaning of these legends is simply this: the glorification of the creative genius of great artists. Macrobius, however, reports that when Phidias was asked from what pattern he framed so divine a figure, he replied that it was from the archetype which he found in the following lines of Homer:

"He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god;
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook."⁶

[Homer's *Iliad*, Book I, lines 683-687—Pope's Translation.]

"Revolving in his mind the ideal of Father Zeus as described in these lines, Phidias," as Cicero said, "gave free reign to his art and hand," and like Raphael, later on, in his thoughts and labors pursued a definite ideal as well as a definite idea.

For nearly eight hundred years this statue was the wonder and admiration of the ancient world. By a state decree its preservation was intrusted to the lineal descendants

of Phidias. Even Caligula, the personification of meanness, malice, and vice, was deterred from transferring it to his palace at Rome for the purpose of taking off its head and placing his own in marble on its shoulders. When partially injured by lightning and despoiled of some of its ornaments, it was still an object of admiration to the Emperor Julian and his contemporary artists (A. D. 361-362). Theodosius II, it is said, caused it to be transferred to Byzantium, together with other works of Greek art, where they all perished in the great fire of A. D. 475.

Besides the colossal statues mentioned in the preceding pages, Phidias is said to have executed about twenty more, representing Juno and Venus, Apollo and Hermes, heroes and Amazons, to say nothing of many smaller ones. As an artist it was not his aim to produce statues representing merely human beings, but statues representing gods and goddesses in human form.

"He was the first to break away from the stiff, archaic style of the earlier school of Greek sculptors, and to aim at pure and severe ideal beauty. He is said never to have imitated exactly any human model, however beautiful, nor do his works exhibit any of that sensuous grace which, in the productions of succeeding sculptors, tended to deprave the taste and to corrupt the art. Dignity, majesty, and repose were his distinguishing characteristics, and in no artist have they probably ever been united in so high a degree. He has been called 'the sculptor of the gods,' and his age 'the golden age of sculpture.'"

*For a full and interesting description of Phidias's Olympian Zeus we must again refer the reader and artist to Dr. Stahr's work, Vol. I, pp. 187-197. There they will also find descriptions of "Jupiter Atricoli" and "Jupiter Verospi"; both these statues are in Rome. A Greek sculptor residing in Italy executed them in Carrarian marble in imitation of Phidias's great statue. They are said to give the beholder an approximate idea of its magnificent head and bust. An image of it is also found on an ancient Greek coin, preserved in one of the collections of antiquities at Florence, pictorial representations of which are given in Overbeck's "History of the Greek Plastic Arts" and Lübke's "History of the Greek Plastic Arts." Art-students will find in Dr. Stahr's work full and interesting descriptions of all the works of plastic art of ancient Greece and Rome that have come down to us in a state either of entire or

partial preservation. The author starts out with a description of the nature, country, and people of Greece; its gods; its connection with the Orient; then passes in review pre-Hellenic art; and describes the various periods of Greek plastic art, and the architectural and sculptural remains of that art wherever found; and then he passes in review the history of the plastic arts of ancient Rome down to the time of the Emperor Justinian, together with the remains of that art found in the various art collections of Europe. The whole work is the result of immense labor, extensive travels, and deep research. It contains a full description not only of the numerous works of plastic art of the countries which are referred to, but also of the lives and times of the different artists that produced them. No art library is complete without it, and no artist should fail to study it.

After the completion of the colossal statue of the Olympian Zeus, Phidias returned to Athens, honored by the warm friendship of Pericles, surrounded by numerous admiring art disciples, beloved by the people, and enjoying a happy old age. And yet he did not escape calumny and ingratitude. A formidable political party, led by one Cleon, a demagogue, aimed at the overthrow of Pericles. Fearing to attack the great statesman directly, they sought to undermine his influence by slandering and persecuting his friends—"tout comme chez nous;"—and Phidias, being his intimate friend, was accused by one Menon, a workman employed upon the Parthenon, of having stolen a portion of the gold appropriated to the chryselephantine statue of Pallas Athene. As the gold, however, had been affixed to the statue in such a manner as to admit of its removal, the accusers were challenged to substantiate their charge by weighing it, which they shrank from doing. Phidias, however, had it done, and thus triumphantly refuted the charge and established his honesty. Another charge, according to Plutarch, was then made against him of having introduced portraits of himself and Pericles in the bass-reliefs of the shield of Athene Parthenos representing the battles of the Amazons. As this act was supposed to im-

ply a dishonor to the national religion, he was thrown into prison, where he died either by poison or by a natural death. But this entire story is regarded as suspicious in the extreme. No other ancient author mentions it. Plutarch, who lived about five hundred years after Phidias, mentions it only incidentally and in connection with the life of Pericles. It is known, however, that he drew his materials from sources inimical to Pericles. If it was really sacrilegious to use human models in subordinate positions on a grand work of art, it may be asserted with confidence that Phidias would not have committed such an act; but if he had, the portraits in question would, no doubt, have been effaced. There is, however, no record that such was the fact. Nor is it likely that the Athenians would have disgraced themselves by sentencing to imprisonment or death by poison one of their greatest men—now about eighty years of age—who by his great genius and splendid art creations had shed a luster over their city and country such as no other man ever did before or after him, except it be his intimate friend Pericles. Other slanderous charges were brought against him, but they all bear the stamp of falseness on their very faces. In all probability Phidias died a peaceful death, mourned by an admiring and grateful nation.

OLD STORIES ABOUT THE NEW WORLD.

IT is now the well settled opinion of the learned, that at some remote period the American continent was occupied by a rude race whose highest art was embodied in implements of stone. The weight of evidence points to Asia as their original home, whence they migrated eastward to our continent by way of Behring's Strait. A more cultivated race entered the country near Yucatan from a place called "Tulan" or "Tulopan," conquering the tribes whom they found in possession and being subdued themselves by a people known as the Aztecs. A careful scientific study of the monuments and picture-writings is demonstrating that the

irruption from Tulan took place near the third century of the Christian era. Old beliefs on such points are gradually yielding, and it is becoming more and more evident that the Atlantic Ocean was the theater of nautical triumphs ages before the Northmen and Columbus. Yet at the end of the fourteenth century, the Arabic geographer, Ibn Khaldun, speaks of it as a sea upon which the sailor did not venture far, as there was no inhabited land beyond and the Atlantic was known as a "Sea of Darkness." The classic literature, nevertheless, brings forward topics of interest connected with the Western Ocean, the story of "Atlantis"

being one of the oldest of the stories about the New World.

Theopompus, in the third century B. C., preserved a fragment from Ælian, stating that beyond the then known world there was an island of continental size; but a century earlier, Plato, in his "Timæus and Critias," gave an account received by Solon from the Egyptian priests, according to which the island believed to be greater than both Asia and Africa had already been destroyed by a convulsion of nature. Before the catastrophe took place certain kings in the island combined and subdued the rest, next turning their attention to Europe and Africa. After many successes they were defeated by the Athenians, whose work was supplemented by an earthquake. In proof the priests added, "the sea is unnavigable at present, on account of the gradually impeding mud which the island produced." This is clearly a reference to "Sea of Sargasso," a region of the Atlantic, according to Humboldt, six times as large as Germany, filled with dense packs of weeds.

Three hundred years after Solon, Proclus visited Egypt, and was told the same story heard by Solon; while the Athenians, according to Brock, preserved a memorial of their victory upon a *peplum* carried in processions.

In considering narratives like these, many persons are influenced by the notion that the childhood of the world was all childishness, fancying that the mists which brooded over the earlier days were engendered of nothing instead of rising out of the great ocean of truth; yet, as time rolls on, supposed facts are often resolved into fiction, while the shadowy and obscure take on tangible and enduring forms. Plato's account of the lost island of Atlantis has often been subjected to a form of criticism that is itself beneath criticism by men anxious to be truly wise, rather than to seem to be so. Hence, when the subject of early transatlantic colonization is brought forward, it is treated with the irony of Imogen, who exclaimed,

"Prithoe, think
There's liars out of Britain,"

or, with the astonishment of the good

woman in the White Mountains, who, upon being told by some tourists that their home was in Boston, threw up her hands and wondered that people should be able to live "so far away!"

It is, of course, too early to argue the historical character of Plato's narrative, yet it may be observed that there is no impossibility, or even improbability, respecting the main points. The groups of islands that strew the region once occupied, according to Plato, by a continent, may yet prove to be simply the memorials of a lost world. The invaders who came from Atlantis were, indeed, spoken of as giants, a common term for "mighty men;" but the fact that the people of Atlantis were called giants does not prove that there was no Atlantis, any more than the fact that the people of Patagonia are still believed by some to be giants proves that there never was any Patagonia. The question of "Atlantis" is one for the geologist, the linguist, and the ethnologist.

The first people positively known as navigators on the Atlantic were the Phœnicians. Homer calls them "men illustrious by sea," and Strabo observes that they studied "night sailing," otherwise, navigation by means of stars. Eleven hundred years before Christ they founded "Godir," the Spanish city of Cadiz, where they built large ships for the "exterior ocean." To the British Isles they resorted for tin, while unexplained mining operations in the West Indies point to their agency. The islands of the Atlantic appear to have afforded resting places in their secret expeditions. The Phœnician was the Englishman of antiquity, controlling the carrying trade of the nations and pushing his fortunes in distant portions of the habitable world. From them Homer must have known the "Isles of the Blest," though the Greeks learned of the establishment of the Phœnicians at Godir only by accident, when, in the seventh century before Christ, Colæus was blown to sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. Six hundred years before Christ the Phœnicians made the first authenticated voyage around Africa. As venturesome navigators, the Irish imitated the Phœnicians. Irish monks had

reached Iceland in 795, as proved from Dicesil, who wrote in 825.

The authenticity of the transatlantic voyages of the Northmen is now accepted almost unanimously, only an occasional writer opposing a mulish obstinacy to the educated intelligence of the world. From the tenth century to the time of Columbus Greenland was never forgotten, and in the "Ptolemy" of 1482, published at Ulm, the Genoese navigator saw Greenland laid down, though incorrectly, and given as an extension of Europe. The story of a voyage to America by Modoc and the Welshmen is to be taken with many qualifications, not because it involves any improbability, but because it lacks confirmation.

The authenticity of the Zeno voyage, however, must be conceded, for it is now well established that Nicolo Zeno, the Venetian, was wrecked in Frisland or the Faroe Islands in the year 1380, and thence reached Greenland and portions of America. The old objections to this voyage have been thoroughly dissipated.

Columbus was a late comer upon the scene. As a scientific man he possessed neither genius nor originality, drawing his nautical knowledge from D'Ailley and his (false) geography from Toscanelli, refusing to set out upon his voyage until his enormous demand for a tenth of the wealth to be won from India was allowed. When steering straight for South Carolina, supposing that his course led to Cathay, he was deflected from his route by some parrots, and by accident discovered the West Indies. In his second voyage, when near the western end of Cuba, he forced his officers to sign a declaration that Cuba was no island, but a part of the continent of Asia. Whoever denied this being liable to a fine of five thousand maravedos and to have his tongue cut out. (Navarrete. Vol. II. P. 145.)

When the existence of the American continent had been demonstrated, the Sea of Darkness did not at once become a sea of light. In addition to such well-known groups as the Azores and the Canaries, rumor would have it that the Atlantic was strewn with islands, certain of which appeared enchanted,

while all played their part with the navigator in a geographical game of hide and seek. Some of these islands were laid down on maps prior to Columbus, and where, upon search, they could not be found. The general opinion was that they were the offspring of imagination. Amongst these islands was that called St. Brandon, in honor of an Irish saint, whose nautical adventures were curious. According to report, some time during the sixth century St. Brandon went forth in search of an island supposed to lie westward in the Atlantic, and came to one then called Ima, but afterwards "St. Brandon." In this island he found entombed the body of a giant, whom the saint restored to life, and from whom he learned that the Jews and pagans were disposed of in purgatory as they deserved. He, therefore, asked to be baptized; but at the end of fifteen days he found existence above ground a bore, and begged permission to die, a request that was granted after Mildun had done his best to pilot them to a neighboring island, with walls of crystal and burnished gold. St. Brandon, however, had time to say only a single mass on this wonderful island before it sank. Thus

"From that date forth the isle has been
By wandering sailors never sene:
Some saye 'tis buried deepe
Beneath the sea which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores,
Nor e'er is knowne to sleepe."

A learned Portuguese writer thinks that, while it is contrary to reason, to affirm the existence of this island, to deny it would be to suppose that many intelligent persons did not have the proper use of their senses, and thus between two stools the author of the "History of the Canary Islands" comes to the ground. Nevertheless, expeditions went in search of St. Brandon in 1526 and 1570, while in the next century the quest was renewed by De Acosta. Dominques also sailed for St. Brandon from Teneriffe in 1721, more than a hundred years later than De Acosta; while in 1759 the island was "seen" from Gomera on the "third day of May, at six o'clock in the morning," by a monk who, possibly, had not passed the night in his cell. At all events, he first

discovered the island with "two lofty mountains and a fertile valley between them." Father Fegjoo was skeptical, and suggested that it was the *Fata Morgana* of Sicily. The Isle de Fer in the Canaries is often reflected a long distance, and Viera held that under proper conditions the refracted air of those regions would enable one to see as far "as the Appalachian Mountains of Florida," thus suggesting a method by which the ancients may have discovered America. It is a curious fact that the reproduction of the above mentioned "Isle de Fer" was regarded as a veritable island, and so certain were those who saw it, that the Portuguese granted it to Louis Perdigon. This is why Father Fegjoo, after the style of Prospero, waves his wand and bids the vision of St. Brandon depart in company with those phantom ships that sailors see mysteriously sailing on under the arch of the sky:

"Fata Morgana, by thy potent spell
The sullen vapor weaves fantastic forms;
Isles float in beauty where the surges swell,
And golden cities break from dying storms;
Fair mountains tower round the sun-bright bays,
Arcadian beauties gem the verdant vale,
Earth, sky, and water glow with burnish'd rays
And notes of music wake the balmy gale:
While, dazed, the sailor steers with saddening eye
For ports and landmarks that before him ever fly."

The Island of the Seven Cities forms another curious subject, being referred to in the letter of Foscanelli to Columbus. Martani Behaine, who made a globe dated 1482, in one of the legends inscribed thereon, says that the seven cities which he laid down on the Tropic of Cancer, west of Teneriffe, were founded by an archbishop of Oporto, who fled thither in 784. He adds that a Spanish vessel came near the seven cities in 1414. Sailors also reported to Prince Henry the navigator, that they landed and found the people "good Catholics." What was still more to the point, the sand of the country was composed chiefly of gold. The English appear to have joined with other nations in the search for this wonderful island. In the year 1498 the Spanish envoy in England, who watched all the maritime enterprises of the country, wrote to his king that since the year 1491, the people of the city of Bristol had sent a number of ships annually to

search for the Island of the Seven Cities. This was done at the instance of Cabot. Pasqualigo, an Italian resident in Spain, wrote home to Venice, in 1497, that Cabot, upon his return to Bristol, was received with the most joyous public demonstrations because he had actually discovered the "Seven Cities." The English annals, however, are silent. The existence of these islands was universally admitted, and Jehan Allefouze, the French navigator, near the year 1542, writes: "Southward, about three hundred leagues from Cape Breton, there is an island called the Seven Cities, forming one large island, and there are many people who have seen it besides myself, and can testify; but I do not know how things look in the interior, for I did not land on it."

We finally reach the island of "Antillia" (not to be confused with the ancient "Atlantis"), and which appeared in a map preserved at Weimar of the year 1405. It is placed in the Atlantic far to the west, though its name is not given. In 1436 it was laid down again by Andrea Bianco, being called "Antillia." The island was searched for many times, but was never found. Therefore, it has been concluded that Antillia was the offspring of the imagination, as was supposed with respect to St. Brandon and the Seven Cities. Geographers, however, may ultimately learn that the vast island known as Antillia represented a portion of the continent of America, which by the Cabots and many others was supposed to be formed simply of a collection of islands. When, however, the continent was somewhat solidified and found to be no part of Asia, another notion had to be met. It was long fondly held that a passage could be found extending into the Pacific, giving a clear course to the East. The maps of Verrazano show an isthmus in latitude 42° north only six miles wide. Cartier, in Canada, held that the great lakes furnished a route to India, while in 1542 Allefouze, a navigator yet destined to be known in America, thought that New England formed a part of Tartary. In 1524 Verrazano sought for a passage through, and Gomez followed him in 1525. In 1602 Champlain declared that

he would not return from Canada until he had discovered the route to China. In 1609 Henry Hudson searched the Hudson River for the same purpose, having been recommended to do so by Captain John Smith. In 1612 Champlain was still on the *qui vive* for the route to China; and a Frenchman, named Vignan, told him that he had seen the ocean at the west, where the wreck of an English ship lay upon the shore. He even volunteered to show Champlain the way. That intrepid adventurer at once set out, and it was only at the end of seventeen days of terrible trial and suffering that he discovered the fallacy. Vignan, with a blunderbuss at his head, confessed that the story was a device of his own, and he has generally been alluded to as an "impostor;" yet there is every reason to believe, while he had never seen what he described, that there were good reasons in his own mind for the existence of the sea, and that he simply intended to get the credit of being its discoverer. The Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence took their name from the fact that an early French missionary, when leaving that point for the interior, stood up in his canoe and waved his hand in that direction, saying, *à la Chine*—to China!

The English in Virginia were beset with the same dream. They believed that the shore of the Pacific lay just behind the present city of Richmond, and that the waves of that ocean sometimes broke over into the James River. The wise men composing the council at London had thought the matter over, and when the colonists went out they took with them a boat built in sections, with which they were to make the ascent of the James, and afterwards transport it over the hills and launch it in the sea. When the time came to make the experiment, Captain John Smith ridiculed the idea, but Captain Newport replied that Smith wished to discourage others in order that he might take up the exploration himself and cover his name with lasting glory. Accordingly Newport set forth upon his quest, in the end narrowly escaping starvation in the wilderness. Forty years later the distance from the head of the James to

the Pacific was extended, and ten days was supposed to be the time required "for 50 foote and 30 horsemen" to reach the "happy shores" of the "peacefull Indian Sea." It is so laid down in a published map of 1651, sold in London at the "Sign of the Sun."

In this connection stands the "Strait of Arrian," which, according to a manuscript in the Ambrosian Library, was discovered in 1558 by one Maldonado. It was said to be in 75° north, connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific, and being about fifty miles long. The voyage through was described, and in a map the best places to erect fortifications were pointed out. The Spaniards believed in the strait, and in 1789 an expedition was charged with its rediscovery. This "geographical puzzle," so called, appears to have been a device arranged for the benefit of the Spaniards, and it antedated Frobenius's imagined discovery of a strait.

It will be perceived that some of these old stories concerning the Atlantic Ocean are formed of a mixture of truth and error. Yet even in cases where they appear the most fanciful, there are reasons to infer that they are based upon fact. Few persons in reading "Sinbad, the Sailor," suspect that the route pursued by the adventurer indicates courses known to old Arabic geographers. Hence they do not hesitate to class with stories of the "Arabian Nights" that found by Brington, which states that "St. Patrick sent missionaries to the islands of America." The Icelandic sagas, indeed, speak of a country in the Western Ocean called "Ireland the Great," but the unscientific methods taught in the average school secure little attention to the genesis of ideas. Hence the zeal and daring of the Irish monks and sailors, who performed marvels in wicker boats, goes for nothing. In time, perhaps, we shall come to believe that there were both ships and sailors before the days of Columbus.

It is by no means surprising that so many fanciful ideas prevailed respecting the islands lying in the Atlantic, since from time to time many new islands have appeared. On one occasion no less than seventeen rose from the sea near the Azores. At St. Michaels,

in 1810, an island was formed two miles in circumference and five hundred feet high, of which no trace remains. Allefonse tells of the "drowned isle," near the Sable Bank. This fishing bank itself, perhaps, is the wreck of an island once known to navigators. The same is probably true of the shoals of Nantucket. Webb's island, off Cape Cod, once resorted to by the people of Nantucket for wood, has disappeared, its place being occupied by deep water. Thus islands come and go, while the old map makers were never backward about making changes, but changed both the real and imaginary isles from place to place as the chess-player moves knights and castles. Such has been the fate of Crusoe's Isle. The original edition of De Foe's immortal work, published in 1719, describes the adventures of one "who lived eight and twenty years all alone in an uninhabited island on the Coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River of Oroonoke." Nevertheless, popular opinion will have it that De Foe intended to write about Juan Fernandez, in the Pacific. With the best of reasons, however, many Shakespearean scholars teach that the Bard of Avon had in mind the Bermudas when he composed that grand creation of his ripened imagination, "The Tempest."

There are more things in the play than are dreamed of in Bermuda, but this does not prove that Shakespeare knew nothing about Bermuda, any more than the exaggerations of Timæus and Crito, respecting Atlantis, prove that Plato and the Egyptian priests knew nothing about a continent at the west in the Atlantic.

These old stories were based upon an early knowledge of the fact that another world, otherwise "much continent," existed far away in the sea. Atlantis, Antillia, and the Isles of the Seven Cities were reminiscences of early discoveries. The fact that these places were called "islands" does not make against this view. Strabo said, "Perception and experience alike inform us that the earth we inhabit is an island." In the early ages the term was applied to almost any region reached by water. The coasts of Asia Minor and Greece were known as the "Isles of Elishah," famous for "blue and purple;" and Isaiah says, "I will make the rivers islands," that is, dry and barren places. Cabot, as noted, held that America was simply a collection of islands. Fables were mixed with truth, but that was to be expected. The same is the case to-day, and in each case it is our duty to consider the probabilities.

THE SQUIRE.

MANY years ago I was one of a picnic party driven by a sudden storm to seek shelter in the hotel of the village of Woodbridge. The storm continuing, supper was served us in the long dining-room with bare floor scrubbed to marvelous whiteness. Among those who besides ourselves surrounded the table was an individual who especially attracted our notice. He was a spare gentleman of middle age, dressed in rusty black, but with scrupulous neatness, and his glossy black hair just sprinkled with white was arranged with great nicety. He kept his eyes fixed upon his plate evidently regardless of all that was taking place about him. If addressed he seemed to undergo

almost a paroxysm, his eyelids twitched, a tremor ran through his frame, he grasped his knife and fork, dropped them again, moved his saucer, then his cup, then his salt-cellar; it was not until after several minutes that he regained composure. We were young and light-headed and ready to find a frolic in any thing or nothing, and so several of the young gentlemen in their gravest tones made of him numerous inquiries concerning the town, its size, its business, and the like, to which he responded in the briefest manner possible, but always with the same contortions, the rest of us meanwhile choking down our mirth as best we could. He left the table, at last, long before any one

else, evidently unable to endure the strain longer. After our return to the sitting-room, and on our homeward ride, we made merry at his expense; one of the young gentlemen being an admirable mimic, personated the quivering unknown, as we dubbed him, and we re-acted the supper scene, rallying the young lady who had happened to sit next him as being the probable cause of his embarrassment.

Years passed on. Fortune cast me thousands of miles from Woodbridge, and also separated me far enough from the bouyancy of youth. Twenty years after my first visit, wherefore does not concern the interests of this story, it was my lot to pass the months of one Summer in the same hotel where I had stopped by chance so long before. The village seemed exactly as I remembered it; I could hardly repress a sigh to think that nothing had changed except myself. It was a wonderfully fresh little town. It seemed to me that never before had I seen the grass so green or the flowers so bright; the houses all modeled very much alike had a clean, trim look; but except its extreme neatness there was nothing striking about it. It was situated in a valley walled in by high green hills, and was scarcely ever called Woodbridge by the dwellers upon these hills, but known unpoetically enough as "The Flat."

The church and grave-yard had a peculiar interest for me. The latter was not at some distance from the town, as is often the case, but close to the church which stood in the center of the village. It was originally on the outskirts, and it was not expected that the village would grow in that direction, they told me. However, there it lay a constant reminder to the inhabitants of "the house appointed for all living;" and whoever looked down upon the white spire of the church and the white homes of the living, looked also upon the white tablets of the dead. I noticed that some precise people of the place were careful to say cemetery, but I thought it a misnomer. Cemetery appears to me adapted to a stately city of the dead with winding avenues and lofty monuments; but for a place like this, where the tomb itself and not its surround-

ings was the chief object of contemplation, and the graves so close together that you unwittingly trod upon them, grave-yard seems much more appropriate.

The church was quite old as we reckon age in this new country of ours—at least the young people thought so and were clamorous for another; but the older and the moneyed portion of the congregation seemed very well content. I thought its old fashion a great charm. I used to think, as I looked upon the young girls in the choir, that probably their grandmothers as fair and hopeful had sat in the same seats and sung the same tunes and looked out through the narrow-paned windows where now the sunshine was falling upon their own graves; and how brief a time it would be before these too would be gathered to the generations that had gone before them. Such reflections used to wind like a commentary in and out among the words that floated down from the pulpit: "We spend our years as a tale that is told. . . . So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

But these matters I learned gradually. I was more than surprised on sitting down to supper the first night of my arrival to see the same gentleman opposite who had so provoked our unseemly mirth twenty years before. I had hardly thought of him since; but there was no doubt but that it was the same, the nervous gestures were unaltered, though the face was older and thinner and the hair considerably whitened. I asked Mrs. Fellows, the landlady, when she came into my room that night, if that elderly gentleman had boarded there long.

"Oh! the Squire, you mean," she said. "Mr. Laselle he is, but he is known all round these parts as 'the Squire;' In, yes, towards thirty years, I believe. I've been here eighteen of it myself. I presume you noticed, m'n'am, how kind of fidgety-like he is, but that's his way; he's a good kind soul as ever was, never makes no trouble."

"Is his health poor?" I asked.

"No, I guess not," she rejoined. "He never makes no complaint. Some folks think he must have been love-cracked some time or

other, but nobody knows nothing of it, and I doubt it; he is too shy of men, and women too, for that. I think likely he had fits when he was little. My sister had a child that used to go into spasms, and I declare if it do n't call up that poor young one sometimes when I see the Squire. That only lived, though, to be three years old, and every body thought it was a mercy when it died."

"Has he a business?" I inquired again, not unwilling to break the thread of her discourse.

"Yes, a store, though I guess he don't sell much; don't make stir enough, and they get all the custom across the way. He goes and sits there all day, just the same, though. I've been told he used to own the place upon the hill that you can see from your window. He has a sister, who comes to see him every Summer; but she is no more like him than nothing," and my voluble informant, suddenly bethinking herself of the bread she must "put to sponge," bustled away.

For some reason or other, possibly because I felt conscience-stricken to remember how we in our youthful folly had annoyed him, or perhaps because, as I have before hinted, I had not since then "fed on the roses or lain in the lilies of life," and so was quickened into sympathy with all suffering, I came to take a strange interest in this lonely man. Several weeks passed by. My acquaintance with him did not advance. At first, I had ventured a friendly "Good morning," but this was evidently so distressing that I left it off, and so day after day he sat silent as a statue. He went regularly to his store, and to church on Sunday. No one seemed to think any thing of his singular manners. They had long been accustomed to them; "it was the Squire's way." It was said that at rare intervals, generally after a severe rebuke from the pastor to those members of his flock who failed to find a voice in the prayer-meetings, the Squire would rise to his feet and begin to pray, at first stammering painfully with all his usual embarrassment; but gradually seeming to forget every thing about him, he would pour out his

soul in an appeal so fervent and touching that devout hearts were lifted up by its remembrance for weeks after; as one lady said; "To hear the Squire's prayers is like reading the Psalms; what you want to say to God is said for you as though he were looking into your very heart."

Sometimes I questioned whether it were remorse or grief that had shattered his system, and wondered what secret crime he could have committed, or what terrible sorrow could have so blighted his life. One morning he did not appear at the breakfast table, and Mrs. Fellows went to his room to ascertain the meaning of so unusual an occurrence. She came down, her eyes wide open and face white with terror, "Oh, he's dead in his bed!" she gasped. It was true; the doctor was instantly summoned and pronounced that he had died several hours before, in his judgment, from heart disease. Later I went in to look at him. His face was peaceful. Neither word nor look disturbed it now. His secret, if he had one, throbbed no longer beneath the breast over which the hands were calmly folded. "And to think," said kind-hearted Mrs. Fellows, wiping her eyes on the corner of her apron, "that the poor soul should ha' died alone, and the rest of us sleeping sound and never knowing. I always ha' said that if he was ever sick, I'd nurse him like my own brother;—never making no trouble, and paying his board regular every week."

A telegram had been immediately sent to Mrs. Belmont, the Squire's sister, living in Newark, and an answering dispatch had directed that the funeral should be postponed until her arrival. She came the next evening, a sweet-faced woman in widow's weeds, considerably younger than her brother. She wept much at the sight of the placid face, saying over and over, "Poor Phil!" The funeral was held, according to custom, in the church of which he had been a member many years. The discourse was an indifferent one and seemed unfeeling; but the choir sang "Asleep in Jesus," and I remember thinking that one need wish for nothing more. After the services the congregation struggled past the coffin to look on the face of one

whom most of them had always known; the glances which they bestowed were indifferent or curious, evidently he had held himself aloof too much from society to have any hold upon it. Some women in shabby clothes were exceptions; they lingered long, shedding many tears. A lady in the pew with me remarked that the Squire had always been very kind to the poor, giving away, no one knew how much, every year; that they would be likely to miss him if no one else did.

After the funeral, the will was read in the hotel parlor. There were several bequests; one to Mrs. Fellows, which caused her to throw up her hands and wipe her eyes in a truly tragic manner; but the bulk of his property—quite a fortune—was equally divided between Margaret Laselle Belmont and Catherine Fielding Stone.

"You know the joint heir with yourself, Mrs. Belmont?" said the lawyer.

"Certainly," was the reply; "she is a resident of Newark." But no one else seemed to know her, and I heard much speculation on the subject from Mrs. Fellows, who reported that not even the oldest inhabitant knew any Stones or Fieldings. I judged from her conversation that she had also sounded Mrs. Belmont upon the matter, but without obtaining the coveted information.

Mrs. Belmont remained several weeks in Woodbridge until her brother's affairs could be settled. Quite an intimacy sprang up between us, owing largely to the fact that she was a frank, social woman, and the friends of her youth had either died or removed. So it happened that, one day after we had driven past the home of her childhood, she told me the story of her brother's life. The Laselle homestead was a tall, narrow house, with high chimneys built of stone, the gray tint of which blended well with the landscape; there was a row of dying poplars along the roadside; the front yard was crowded with evergreens and lilac bushes, long untrimmed, which gave to the premises a funeral look. The lilacs were in blossom when we drove by, and nodded their purple plumes, wafting to us their

subtle perfume; since then the sight or odor of lilacs always gives me a feeling of sadness; they seem dedicated to the dead like the weeping willow and the cypress.

Many years before, Hugh Laselle, a stern, taciturn man of thirty-five or thereabouts, had lived here; he had little intercourse with his neighbors, and apparently wished for less. In the next house an orphan of seventeen, a shy, shrinking girl, lived with an uncle; she was heir by her father's will to a large property, which her uncle thought by right belonged to himself, and her life was far from happy. Her fertile meadows adjoined those of Hugh Laselle, and he was thought to have looked upon them with covetous eyes, avarice being one of his leading characteristics; however that may have been, he wooed this timid girl, wedded her, and brought her to live in the old stone house. People seldom saw her after her marriage, but those who did remarked her pitiful, frightened look, like that seen in the eyes of a hunted deer. Two years from the day that she was a bride she lay dead in the gloomy parlor, and her stern husband shed no tear, or otherwise made sign of grief, but sitting rigidly in the room across the hall, chided sharply the nurse because she could not hush the week-old baby, that wailed as though conscious of its loss. An old woman, almost as stern and silent as her master, was secured as housekeeper, and in such companionship the early years of little Philemon Laselle were passed. His young mother had bequeathed to him the sad heritage of her timid nature. From infancy he seemed to shrink in mortal terror from his father, and this fact prevented what little tenderness there might have been in the heart of the stern man from manifesting itself. Living in so secluded a manner, he grew to almost fear the face of man. When old enough he was sent to school, where his nervous, frightened ways were taken as evidence that he was lacking in ordinary intelligence, and the expressions "half-witted," "Laselle's fool," from unfeeling lips fell upon his sensitive ear. He played truant for many a day, wandering in the fields and woods, where the birds and flowers had only tender utterances

for him; but this coming to the knowledge of his father, who had no more appreciation of the boy's feelings than a hawk could be expected to have for those of a turtle-dove, regarding it as rebellion against lawful authority, he beat him severely, thus securing for the future his presence in the school-room, where he made commendable progress in every thing except happiness. When he was fourteen years old there came a great change in his life, which, had it come a dozen years earlier, might have been his salvation. Hugh Laselle married again. The lady of his choice was a very different person from his dead wife; a brisk, warm-hearted woman whose merry manners covered a very resolute spirit. People shook their heads, and said that "Mirandy" Warner would do well to remember the fate of poor Mary Sears. But it is a noticeable fact that in no stratum of society has there been known to exist a man so disagreeable, brutal, alas! vicious, but that some woman, very frequently a worthy woman too, has been found willing to unite her fate with his. It can not be denied that this is against the sex, and it is to be hoped that in the new dispensation for women there will be a radical reformation in this respect.

Miranda Warner was not as young as she once had been; she was a poor tailor's wife, who sewed from house to house. A needle is hardly equal to making provision for old age; she preferred a home of her home, even with the drawback of a husband. Probably, too, she felt herself capable of managing him. Whether remorse had gnawed a little all these years at Hugh Laselle's tough heart, or whether a strong nature was able to thwart his inclination to tyrannize, was not known, but it was certain that Miranda's face was as merry as ever, that she had occasional tea-drinkings in the old house, and that her husband actually appeared at church with her the Sunday following her marriage and at rare seasons afterwards, which was something so unprecedented that it kept all Woodbridge in a ferment for at least a week. But to the lonely boy she was indeed a ministering angel. To him she brought a wealth of pity which ripened into love. Diligently

she worked and patiently she waited to gain entrance to a heart at which no human being had ever knocked before, and though she was repelled long, at last she was admitted, and Philemon ever after rendered her an affection almost idolatrous. Gradually his shyness became imperceptible at home except in the presence of his father, though he never went out except to accompany his step-mother to church.

When a baby sister was given him he seemed to cherish her with a tenderness and devotion more like that of a mother than a boy of sixteen. He never wearied of holding her, of talking to her, and as she grew older the slightest wish of the little creature was to him as law. When Maggie was five years old their father was kicked by a horse so violently that he died a few hours after. If ever kind things are said concerning a man it is over his coffin, but conversation seemed to turn almost wholly upon the living.

"Mirandy" had not made such a bad bargain, after all, as things had turned out, and she might take a sight o' comfort now if she and Philemon could manage to run the farm. "Take comfort" they certainly seemed to; Philemon, though he never sought enjoyment or companionship away from home, almost lost his startled ways, and the farm seemed to be "run" as well as ever. There were some innovations and extravagances, however, that the neighbors thought must make the avaricious Hugh Laselle turn in his grave. The house, which had had only the most meager appointments, was handsomely furnished, and a piano, the first in the town, was brought over the hills for the little Maggie. As has before been stated, Philemon was a most loyal knight for this dainty lady. He scarcely knew that he could sing until she coaxed him to accompany her. For her he made flower-beds and put up swings, told stories, and helped her in her lessons. As she grew older she beguiled him into acting as her escort to many places where he would never have consented to go for any other's asking.

Finally, after many refusals, by dint of much urging and a few tears, still more

effective, she succeeded in getting his consent to attend a Winter singing-school. He was thirty, and the Woodbridge girls had never before noticed what a handsome fellow Phil Laselle was, and began to regard him in the current parlance as "quite a catch." The following Winter pretty Maggie would not have been obliged to depend on the kind offices of her grave brother, for she was a great favorite. But her mother pronounced her too young for such things, and that if Phil could not take her she must be content to remain at home; so there was no help for it, and Phil was enlisted for another Winter. It was during these days that Philemon received the sobriquet of "Squire," which clung to him through life, as sometimes happens. It was given him by the young people, good-humoredly enough, on account of his staid demeanor.

But all earthly happiness is uncertain. It seemed very terrible and mysterious to Philemon and Maggie when the Death Angel again entered their home and claimed their mother as his prey. "So sad! every thing to live for!" people murmured as they heard that she had been summoned. She died intrusting with her last breath her child to the guardianship of Philemon. But young hearts recover quickly, even from heavy blows, and Maggie rallied sooner than her brother, whose heart bled long over the grave of the first friend he had ever known. His love for Maggie could not increase, but now it was coupled with a tender solicitude. He became convinced that she must have better educational advantages than Woodbridge afforded, and after careful inquiry at length fixed upon a boarding-school, to which he sent her for three years.

It was a sore trial for him to part with her, but her letters showed her to be happy, and her vacations brought her home affectionate and unspoiled; but it was not well for him to have her away, for he sank into the hermit way of life which was only too natural to him. Nothing would do but that Phil must come down and see her graduated, in all the glory of white muslin and blue-ribboned essay. It had been arranged that her dearest friend, Kate Fielding, of New

York, should accompany her home to spend a few weeks, and that Maggie should return the visit the following Winter. Kate Fielding was a sparkling, warm-hearted girl. Of course, being so intimate with Maggie, she could not help hearing much of Philemon, and was prepared to regard him very much as his sister did. Thirty-five seems an almost infinite distance from nineteen, and he might have been fifty from any indications of youth in his manners. She was delighted with every thing in the country, and treated him with an engaging familiarity, unconscious of the mischief that she was working. Shy and unsophisticated as a boy of sixteen, her hand kindled the fires of love in his heart, where they burned secretly, unsuspected even by his sister. She sat in the singers' seat with Maggie. It was the custom in those days to face the choir during the singing, and he used to gaze upward on her face with the rapt look that the Romish devotee gives to a picture of "Our Lady."

It was in vain that the damsels of Woodbridge cast upon him languishing glances. He had no eyes for them. Kate went home; the fire burned steadily on her shrine, fed by all the forces of his nature. She wrote weekly letters to Maggie, always sending gay, friendly messages to Phil. She came up for a week early in the season the following year. The night of her arrival she and Philemon were out on the piazza as the sun was going down. Nature was at her best, with the freshness of Spring and the completeness of Summer. Far off, the hills lay blue and peaceful; nearer, the slopes were covered with velvety turf, the orchards were white with blossoms, the air was laden with the perfumes of lilacs, and over all the sun was casting his good night glory.

Kate stood drinking it all in, her face radiant. "One could stay in this lovely spot always," she said. The flame that had burned in Philemon Laselle's heart a year, leaped suddenly to his lips. "Do stay always, Kate," he said, his voice trembling with his great yearning. Had it been any other man, perhaps if she had glanced at him, she would have understood his mean-

ing; but her gaze was riveted upon the hills, and, indeed, she would have as soon expected a declaration of love from her own father. "I suppose there is somebody who would have a word to say about that," she laughed, and then flushing prettily, "O Phil! I have something to ask you; I am going to be married in the Fall. I waited until I could see Maggie, to tell her. We have been talking it all over this afternoon, and she has promised to be my brides-maid, if you are willing. Say she can come, won't you Phil? that's a good fellow. I could not be married without her."

Philemon, with his hand to his face, as if to shade it from the sun, managed to articulate something that she took for consent, and Maggie coming out presently, their talk flowed on—a girlish babble that would have been music to his ears but yesterday, but was now keen torture. They were so absorbed in themselves that they did not notice that Philemon was silent, even beyond his wont, and he was grateful for the kindly darkness which soon settled down and hid his face from them. All that night he strode up and down among the lilacs. For him the sun and stars were blotted out forever, so far as this life was concerned, and he knew it.

"I happened to come down very early the next morning," said Mrs. Belmont,—"and opening the front door I found Phil on the piazza with his face in his hands; his clothes were drenched with dew, and as he lifted his face I was positively frightened, it was so pinched and haggard. "Oh, Phil, Phil! what is it?" I cried. "Oh nothing, nothing!" he answered, trying to smile, but he shivered. "I know you must be sick," I went on confusedly. "Come into the house, and let me send for a doctor and call Kate." "Not her," he said hoarsely, seizing my arm with such a grip that I bore the marks of his fingers for weeks. "Not her," and turning he strode off into the fields. The truth flashed upon me, and I had hard work to conceal my feelings from Kate. We hardly saw any thing of Phil during the rest of the time that she stayed. "So busy," he said, but she was too much taken up in her

own happiness to notice any thing strange in either of us.

The night after she went away, I crept into Phil's arms, and made him tell me about it. I thought perhaps it might relieve him, but he made me promise solemnly that I would never mention it to her. "Poor Phil!" she said, smiling, though the tears stood in her eyes; "he knew less of the art of love-making than Captain Miles Standish. It might have been, I have thought sometimes, if he had but known how to woo, if he had shown her before that he loved her, for I think it was but a girlish fancy that she had for the man she married."

"And you think she never suspected his attachment?" I asked.

"O, I am sure of it. He never saw her face afterward, and I rarely mentioned her name to him. The wound never healed, and I knew it but made it bleed afresh. Poor Kate! her husband proved to be a worthless, dissipated fellow, and she has had a hard struggle with poverty and shame. She has told me many times of receiving sums of money in an anonymous manner and wondering who could have sent them. I knew it must have been Phil. I was married a year or two after Kate," she went on. "Sometimes I have thought I was selfish ever to have left him; but my plans for his happiness all came to grief. I never doubted but that I could coax him to come and live with me; but it was the only thing in all my life that Phil ever refused me. My husband had a brother, a wild young fellow, who was fast going to ruin, and we thought if we could get him away from the city and bad associations it might save him. He had no taste for farming, and we persuaded Phil to sell the old homestead and go into business with him in Woodbridge. We thought if he were obliged to mingle more freely with his fellow men, it would be better for him than living that secluded life on the farm. It was much against his inclination that he consented, and we never could have had the heart to urge the matter if we had not believed we were acting for his good, and I am certain we should have failed if it had not been for his spirit of self-sacrifice; for we really

felt that it would be the salvation of Henry, and I believe it was. There was a great change in him, and the two were warm friends, widely as they differed. We hoped that, after a few years, when Henry had become firmly established in a steady life, that the partners would remove near us; but in three years Henry died, and we never could prevail on Phil to make any change, not even to visit us. It is a crooked world," she concluded, sighing. "I never could understand why his life was blighted so."

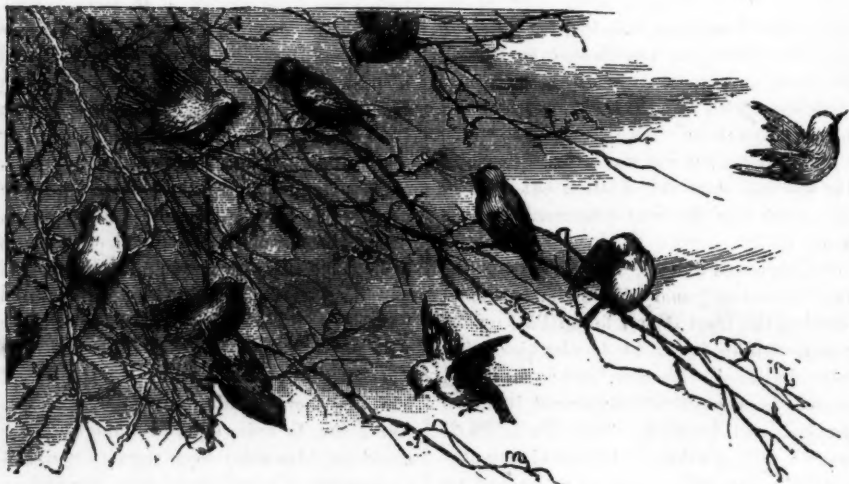
Mrs. Belmont left Woodbridge a few days later, and in a few weeks I, too, bade farewell to the quiet nook among the hills, never

probably to revisit it. The day before I left I went into the grave-yard and stood beside the grave of the one whose sad story had so interested me. Beneath the record of his birth and death were the lines—odd, indeed, for a tombstone, but doubtless his sister's solace in regard to the "crooked world:"—

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

The western sun lit up the polished marble with dazzling brightness, and the living words made the tablet seem not so much a memorial of the shrinking, suffering, earthly tabernacle as of the freed spirit ushered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

SWEET BIRDS.



SWEET birds, that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,—
Ye remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion, and songs of praise;
There is something about ye that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!

DE PROFUNDIS VIA CRUCIS.

I. PRELUDE.

OUT of the depths by the way of the cross!—
 I mused on man's grandeur, his ruin and loss,
 That problem of evil all ages have pondered,—
 Saints trusted with awe,—sages questioned and wondered.

I mused till the anguish of millions was mine;
 Prayed, wrestled, and groped for the secret divine;
 Debated with schoolmen, vexed science and seers,
 Then bowed, like blind Samson, in fetters and tears.

II. THE PROBLEM OF THE AGES.

What is it to be? What is it to be?
 Forever to drift o'er a limitless sea,
 Lost in a trackless and infinite haze
 Of glories that dazzle and doubts that amaze?

O, what is existence? How awful! How dread!
 My soul shrinks appalled, and I cover my head,
 As being's vast mystery looms on my thought,
 Eternal, avoidless, unshunned, and unsought.

I scarce had dared ask so tremendous a dower;
 'Tis mine, by the fiat of infinite Power:
 I tremble; 't is on me; I can not expire,
 Nor 'scape from existence,—nor dare I desire.

No wrong had been done had my soul never been;
 No joy had I lost, and committed no sin;
 No Paradise forfeited, vengeance incurred,
 No excellence blasted, nor holiness blurred.

But O, to go back into nothing again,
 To a soul that has been, were more awful than pain!
 To be blotted from being, engulfed in the void,
 Were worse than despair of a heaven once enjoyed!

I start back aghast from oblivion's verge
 But to writhe on barbed sorrows, like lances that urge
 My maddened soul forward to plunge the abyss,
 Ah! yet I shrink back from that horror, on this!

And his strife unending! A soul self-aborred,
 Pursued by the wrath of an infinite Lord!
 No price for a pardon, by pain or by pelf;
 No flight from perdition, but flight from myself!

No flight from the universe stained with my sin,
 From vengeance without and from vengeance within!
 From the infinite law, all-enduring and strong,
 From the guilt, and the shame, and the ruin of wrong!

"SIN!" blazes in wrath on the universe walls,
 "SIN!" moans evermore through mind's innermost halls;—
 One groan from creation sin's agony tells;
 All worlds are polluted—all heavens are hells!

O, Father omnipotent, all thrones above,
 Can this be my doom, and thy nature be LOVE?—
 No choice in my being, no choice in its end?—
 Can goodness and justice thus fearfully blend?—

O, Father, unfold this inscrutable plan!
 O, save me from cursing the Maker of man!
 Though banished forever from glory above,
 Let me know that the law of existence is love.

My sin I confess, and its punishment due,
 'T were better I perish than God be untrue:
 I justify this: but, if destined to fall,
 Why did He, who knew this, create me at all?

Foreknown is not fated, I see, should my choice
 Have been free to be, or to not be? No voice
 Can come from non-entity, God must decide;
 Deny me existence, or make, and provide.

III. THE DEBATE IN ETERNITY.

Lo, infinite Holiness, Wisdom, Power, Love,
 Propounding the problem of being, above;—
 God, space, and duration,—alone and immense,—
 No matter, no spirit;—void—silence—suspense!—

If goodness and wisdom create, what they do
 Must be holy and wise and beneficent too;
 It could not be other, good can not do ill,
 Nor can it be passive, and be goodness still;—

The power to do good, unexerted, is ill;
 Exerted, this infinite void it must fill
 With good like itself, not in rank, but in kind,
 With being, and beings, with spirit and mind.

Diversity, too, must be part of the plan,
 For goodness must flow through all forms that it can,
 Or the good is not infinite; hence every grade
 And mode of existence, for good must be made.

But good must be free, or it can not be good;
 No virtue in yielding what can't be withstood,
 No worthy obedience where law is too strong,
 No praise for the right, where there can not be wrong.

Then goodness demands that each rational mind
 Have in its own structure, unforced, unconfined,
 The power to originate evil, and sin
 Unfettered, untempted, ere good can begin.

Nor is this misfortune to him, but his right,
His being's perfection, his gate to delight,
His excellence godlike, that gives him the power,
Unfallen, to merit his heavenly dower.

And what though, in rashness and folly, some world,
Some order celestial, from glory be hurled;
Their sad lapse shall prove the high freedom we gave,
And call forth new wonders to rescue and save.

But some, lost forever, shall shoot the abyss
Of infinite evil; like planets that miss
Attraction and orbit, quit order's bright shore,
And darkle down gulfs below gulfs evermore.

All this, in its dread possibility, waits
The word that one moral immortal creates!
Yet myriads on myriads wait being and bliss
From the fiat that startles a specter like this!

Aye, being were better than never to be,
And being were noblest, intelligent, free;
And knowledge and freedom, with evil foreknown,
Were better than blind brute-existence, alone.

Yea, being *must* be, since, though evil befall,
Far vaster the evil, no being at all;
Then God were the sinner, small evil repressing
By great, by withholding the universe-blessing.

This is no dilemma, but infinite sight
Discerning the only, the absolute right;
And infinite Reason demands right be done;—
LET THERE BE!"—And there was—and creation begun!

That fiat, impulsive, smote deep through the void,
And space flashed with sundrifts, like armies deployed;
Force, matter, mind, spirit, from monad to man,
And all the bright complex of being began.

IV. THE ASSENT OF REASON.

O, Father Omniscient; Abyss of pure love,
Perfection! Perfection! Beneath and above!
Perfection! Perfection! All, *all* things done well!
Perfection forever, in heaven, earth, and hell!

O, Father of Mercy, forgive thy rash child,
Gone wild in rebellion, in anguish gone wild!
My being was infinite goodness expressed,
I never can curse thee, for once I was blessed.

I never can curse thee, though down the dark steep
Of evil unending in sorrow I sweep;
The great *gifts* of being, power, freedom, were *thine*,
The *choice*, sin or virtue, shame, glory were *mine*.

V. LOVE VICTORIOUS IN REDEMPTION.

O, Father of Mercy, what now do I see!
 God-Christ! God in man! He is dying! For me!
 O infinite tenderness! stronger than death,
 My life his last heart throb, my name his last breath!

"Forgive them," "'tis finished!" he murmurs, and dies!
 Earth reels in amazement! Night mantles the skies!
 All nature avows him! The dead quit their grave!
 He dies; but he rises, the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

Hail, thorn-crowned Redeemer! My sad, bitter heart
 Breaks down, mercy-melted! My frozen tears start!
 My dark doom was just, this is mercy alone,
 Such mercy as none but my God could have shown.

My Substitute there in that Victim I see,
 The wrath that o'erwhelms him had else o'erwhelmed me;
 He pays my last debt, blots the page with his gore,
 And the stained sword of justice gleams lightnings no more.

O, LOVER! I perish! I fly! I embrace
 My death in thy dying! my life in thy grace!
 New power to hate sin, and new power to love good,
 Stream flooding my soul with the rapture of God!

VI. POSTLUDE.

Sin's riddle is ended. Doubt's problem is clear.
 Earth, heaven, and hell, are all justified here.
 Yea, let God be righteous, though man's be the loss;
 Down gulfs and abysses light streams from the cross!

From gulf and abyss by the cross I ascend.
 There hangs my Redeemer, my Judge, and my Friend;
 My ransom, my cleansing, my joy evermore;—
 I gaze in rapt wonder, and love, and adore.

Now glory to God, to the Father, and Son,
 And Spirit, thrice worshiped, the three in the one;
 Praise, honor, and blessing! shout angels again!
 All worlds, hells, and heavens, shall echo AMEN!

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE POWERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPACY.

THE powers of the Methodist episcopacy are at all times a legitimate subject of inquiry. The office is of such importance that the Church can not tolerate in regard to it either looseness of thinking or looseness of practice. Our accepted theory is now substantially the same as it was in the days of our fathers; but there is, nevertheless, a disposition manifest to go beyond the rubric, and to claim for the bishops more than our constitution allows. In the preface to the History of the Discipline last issued the compiler asserts that the episcopacy is a co-ordinate branch of the government of the Church, and compares it with the executive department of our national system. This is the theory which was set up by the Southern minority in the General Conference of 1844, and which was rejected by that conference when it adopted the majority report in the case of Bishop Andrew. More recently a theory which appears to be novel has been presented by the Rev. Professor Raymond, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, in his valuable work on Systematic Theology. If he is properly understood, he maintains that the bishops are essential, in the sense that without them the Church can not be constituted. Certain functions inhere in them, so that should they fail in the performance of those functions the Church would fall to pieces. This view, if consistently carried out, would put our Methodism on a High-church basis, would make us not only Episcopalians, but Episcopalians of the High-church type. As the decisive passage in Dr. Raymond's statement is not of great length it may be well to cite it entire:

"The power of ordination and the right to station the pastors belong exclusively to the bishops. Now, the act by which a minister is ordained is that which confers the right to ad-

minister the ordinances; and the act by which a given man is made the pastor of a given people is that which gives existence to a pastorate. The bishop, then, has sole power to do two things, without which a Christian Church can not exist. May it not be said that such a Church is founded upon episcopal authority? that it is essentially episcopalian? It is not pertinent here to inquire how the bishops came by their power—this is not now the question; we are looking at the thing as it is. Looking at the Methodist Episcopal Church as it is, we affirm, for the reasons above given, that it is essentially and fundamentally an episcopal Church, without the discount of any thing essential to a government by bishops, and without any leanings towards any thing else. There are three distinct classes of ministers, as distinct as any three corresponding classes in any episcopal Church that ever was. If we must use the word order, and may say we have two orders in our ministry, we must, for a stronger reason, say we have three orders; for the episcopacy is differentiated from the eldership by an incomparably greater difference than the eldership is from the diaconate." (Vol. III., pp. 492-3.)

According to Dr. Raymond, therefore, the right to confer orders inheres exclusively in the bishops, as also does the right to present the minister to a pulpit. Our bishops, then, have "the sole power" to make a man a minister, and then to make the minister the pastor of a given Church. All turns in this argument upon the words "exclusively" and "sole;" that the bishops ordain and station no one questions; but that they have any exclusive power to do either of these acts is, in our opinion, a very novel doctrine.

It is worthy of notice, as a point of history, that the course of opinion in relation to the powers of the bishops ran steadily in one direction from 1784 to 1844. Our fathers were very careful to show that the bishops had no exclusive powers of any description; that they are a subordinate, not a co-ordinate, branch of Methodist government. Their co-ordination

with the General Conference was never seriously named till 1842, and then by the delegates from the South. The Southern Church has consistently developed this view by giving its bishops a veto on the acts of the General Conference in certain cases. If there is a disposition now to frame new theories of episcopal power, it becomes important to trace the opinion of the Church historically, and to show what from the very beginning it has been. The author of the preface to the "History of the Discipline" has gone over to the opinion maintained by the South in 1844; and it may appear that Dr. Raymond has to all intents gone over to the view held by Alexander McCaine, which Dr. Emory confuted, with such painstaking care.

The subordination of the bishops to the General Conference, in such sense as strips them of all exclusive power, is so plainly laid down in the Discipline that it seems difficult to miss the meaning of our law. There is nothing in our episcopacy of constitutional validity save the fact of the creation of the office. The third restrictive rule forbids the General Conference to "change or alter any part or rule of our government so as to do away episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." The General Conference can not abolish the office, and can not make it other than itinerant; but beyond these limits it may do with episcopacy what it will. The General Conference prescribes the mode of a bishop's election, his duties, specifies the act—namely, censuring to travel—which by its own virtue deposes him and claims for itself the power to originate the episcopacy if by any calamity no bishop should remain in the Church. Each occupant of the office is answerable for his conduct to the General Conference, which has power to order the manner of his trial. The power to create bishops is, of course, a power to originate all their functions. This was the view of our first bishops, Coke and Asbury. They say: "The authority given to, or rather declared to exist in, the General Conference, that in case there shall be no bishop remaining in the Church they shall elect a bishop and authorize the elders to consecrate him, will not admit of an objection, except on the supposition that the fable of an uninterrupted apostolic succession be allowed to be true. St. Jerome, who

was as strong an advocate for episcopacy as perhaps any in the primitive Church, informs us that in the Church of Alexandria (which was in ancient times one of the most respectable of the Churches) the college of presbyters not only elected a bishop on the decease of the former, but consecrated him by the imposition of their own hands *solely*, from the time of St. Mark, their first bishop, to the time of Dionysius, which was about the space of two hundred years; and the college of presbyters in ancient times answered to our General Conference."

In their "Address to the General Conference" of 1844 the bishops adopt this very theory of their powers. They say explicitly that orders in our Church are conferred by *election*, and not by ordination. Effective use was made of this position by the majority in their reply to the Southern minority. The passage is not often seen in our day, and is worth quoting in full:

"In order to make out that the General Conference had no right to take such action as they have in Bishop Andrew's case, the authors of the Protest have been driven to the necessity of claiming for the Methodist episcopacy powers and prerogatives never advanced before, except by those who wished to make it odious, and which have always been repudiated by its chosen champions. The protest maintains that the 'episcopacy is a co-ordinate branch of the government,' for which no argument is adduced save this, that it is the province of bishops to ordain bishops. A sufficient answer to this may be found in the principle of Methodist polity stated in the address of the bishops to the present General Conference, that orders (the principle applies to bishops, though not expressly named, as well as to elders and deacons) are 'conferred' by the election, and only 'confirmed' by ordination, and that when the election has been made the bishop 'has no discretionary authority, but is under obligation to ordain the person elected, whatever may be his own judgment of his qualifications.' And if all the bishops should refuse to ordain the person elected by the General Conference, that body would unquestionably have the right to appoint any three elders to ordain him, as is provided in case there be no bishop remaining in the Church."

What becomes of the "sole power" to ordain, in the light of this language? Dr. Raymond says, "As to the idea of a possible resumption of that power [of ordination] by the

presbyters, it is evidently simply silly to make the supposition." But the General Conference of 1844 *did* make that supposition; made it in a momentous crisis of our history; made it with every circumstance of deliberation and solemnity. Shall we impeach that conference as making a silly defense of its action in the case of Bishop Andrew?

The passage in the address of the bishops to the General Conference of 1844 becomes, then, doubly important: it is the opinion of some of the wisest men who have held episcopal office in our Church; and their opinion was formally sanctioned by the General Conference. We therefore give it at length:

"Without entering minutely into the details of what is involved in the superintendency as it is constituted in our Church, it is sufficient to notice its present departments. 1. Confirming orders by ordaining deacons and elders. We say *confirming*, because the orders are conferred by another body, which is independent of the episcopal office, both in its organization and its action. This confirmation of orders or ordaining is not by virtue of a distinct and higher order. For, with our great founder, we are convinced that bishops and presbyters are the same order in the Christian ministry. And this has been the sentiment of the Wesleyan Methodists from the beginning. But it is by virtue of an office, constituted by the great body of presbyters, for the better order of discipline, for the preservation of the unity of the body, and for carrying on the work of God in the most effectual manner. The execution of this office is subject to two important restrictions, which would be very irrelevant to prelacy or diocesan episcopacy, constituted on the basis of a distinct and superior order. The latter involves *independent action in conferring orders*, by virtue of authority inherent in and exclusively appertaining to the episcopacy. But the former is a delegated authority to confirm orders, the exercise of which is dependent on another body. The bishops can ordain neither a deacon nor an elder without the election of the candidate by an annual conference; in case of such election he has no discretionary authority, but is under *obligation* to ordain the person elected, whatever may be his own judgment of his qualifications."

This is a confession of faith from Bishops Soule, Hedding, Andrew, Waugh, and Morris.

Whatever is distinctive in Dr. Raymond's theory, they assert exactly the contrary. Does Dr. Raymond say that our bishops exclusively "confer the right to administer the ordinances?" These apostolic men say for themselves and their successors that they have no right to confer orders whatever. Does Dr. Raymond say that our bishops have "sole power to do two things without which a Christian Church can not exist?" These bishops claim for themselves only "a delegated authority to confirm orders, the exercise of which is dependent on another body." These two views are irreconcilable; there is no possible mode of bringing them into harmony.

To come to the root of this whole question, What is the Methodist meaning of the word "ordination?" No one is a higher authority in our Church than Dr. John Emory, whose "Defense of our Fathers" has long been a text-book for our ministers. His "Episcopal Controversy Reviewed," which was published after his death, contains the results of his maturest thinking upon the subject. In this latter Dr. Emory says: "The question, 'What was the second ordination for?' is answered with perfect ease and consistency on the principles of Lord King and Mr. Wesley, and equally on those of the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Cook himself, indeed, furnishes the answer to his own question; and nothing can be more appropriate or correct. 'Ordination to an office,' he says, 'conveys the idea of introduction into one which the person previously did not hold.' Exactly so. This is the precise import of ordination as understood by Lord King and also by Mr. Wesley and the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, therefore, when Lord King explicitly maintains the primitive identity of bishops and presbyters, as to the intrinsic and inherent power of *order*, he as explicitly states, at the same time, that when a presbyter was advanced to the *official degree* of bishop—that is, according to Lord King, was made the actual superintendent, inspector, or overseer of any particular Church, and of his fellow-presbyters (as well as the deacons) connected therewith—he was *ordained* to that office by imposition of hands by the neighboring bishops. But when he says 'by the neighboring bishops,' the reader must not forget that he still does not at all mean *diocesan bishops* of a

distinct order, in the High-church sense; but in *his own sense* of the term *bishop*, as above described. The same answer may very clearly explain why it is that the Methodist Episcopal Church, which maintains the identity of bishop and presbyter as to the intrinsic and inherent powder of *order*, still practices a third ordination when any of her presbyters are advanced to the episcopal degree. It is because ordination to an office conveys the idea of introduction into one which the person previously did not hold." Whom shall we believe, Dr. Emory, or Dr. Raymond? Dr. Raymond claims that our Church recognizes three distinct orders of the ministry, Dr. Emory says that the Church recognizes but two. Dr. Emory quotes as his authority Lord King's essay on the primitive Church, from which the Methodist theory of episcopacy was derived; Dr. Raymond, we fear, develops his view from an abstract idea. Certainly the best Methodist authorities are against him.

Dr. Raymond scouts the idea that the bishop is the "agent or officer of the presbytery when he exercises the function of ordaining ministers," and says if this idea be accepted "the Methodist Episcopal Church is in a hopeless condition of non-Churchism." But this is the very idea which Dr. Emory is at great pains to establish. In his "Defense of Our Fathers" he says: "Mr. McCaine has taken pains to show that the validity of Presbyterian ordination was established by Mr. Wesley, and is the principle of the ordinations of the British Conference. But who ever denied this? Is it not expressly and fully declared in our Book of Discipline in answer to the following question: 'If by death, expulsion, or otherwise, there be no bishop remaining in our Church, what shall we do?' The answer is: 'The General Conference shall elect a bishop, and the elders, or any three of them, who shall be appointed by the General Conference, shall ordain him according to our form of ordination.' And this answer shows the good sense of those who framed it, and their acquaintance with ancient ecclesiastical usage; for, as Stillingfleet says: 'Great probability there is that where Churches were planted by presbyters,' as the Methodist Episcopal Church was, 'upon the increase of Churches and presbyters they did, from among themselves, choose one to be as the bishop over them; for we

nowhere read, in those early plantations of Churches that, *where there were presbyters already*, they sent to *other Churches* to desire episcopal ordination from them."

Thus the Church is continually affirming what Dr. Raymond as continually denies, that the power of ordination inheres in the presbytery, and is exercised by the bishops only as the agents of the presbyters. Our fathers took pains to declare that the third ordination had nothing to do with the superiority of the bishops over their brethren; that the third ordination had no connection with their authority one way or the other; that it was merely a solemn method of induction to office. Here, again, Dr. Emory is exceedingly explicit, and quotes John Dickins, the friend of Asbury, as his authority. He writes: "The late Rev. John Dickins, in his remarks on the proceedings of Mr. Hammett, says, in relation to the superiority of our bishops as derived, not from their separate ordination, but from the suffrages of the body of ministers: 'Pray, when was it otherwise?' and 'How can the conference have power to remove Mr. Asbury and ordain another to fill his place, if they see it necessary, on any other ground?' Mr. Hammett had said: 'Let your superintendents know, therefore, that their superiority is derived from your suffrages, and not by virtue of a separate ordination. Gain and establish this point, and you sap the foundation of all arbitrary power in your Church forever.' Mr. Dickens replies: 'Now, who ever said the superiority of the bishops was by virtue of a separate ordination? If these that you there plead for will sap the foundation of all arbitrary power, it has been sapped in our connection from the first establishment of our constitution.'" Dr. Raymond asks: "May it not be said that such a Church is founded upon episcopal authority?" We answer, No; quite the contrary. The episcopacy is based on the authority of the Church, not the Church on the authority of the episcopacy. Dr. Raymond has turned the Church upside-down, and tries to make the superstructure do duty as a foundation.

We may ascend higher still in tracing the origin of the theory of episcopal power held by our Church. Our fathers, and notably Mr. Wesley, derived their opinions from Lord King and Stillingfleet. Lord King was an

English Dissenter, a nephew of Locke, and, in the latter part of his life, High Chancellor of England. He published, in 1691, "An Inquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, that flourished three hundred years after Christ: faithfully collected out of the extant writings of those ages." His object was to secure the comprehension of Dissenters; that is, of ministers presbyterially ordained in the English National Church. Wesley read this work in 1746, being then forty-three years of age, and makes this record of its effect on his mind: "In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught; but, if so, it would follow that bishops and presbyters are essentially one order, and that originally every Christian congregation was a Church independent of all others." He held firmly to this opinion to the end of life. In his letter accrediting Coke to the Methodists of America he again refers to Lord King's book, saying: "Lord King's account of the primitive Church convinced me, many years ago, that bishops and presbyters are the same order and have the same right to ordain." In his "Episcopal Controversy Renewed," Dr. Emory makes a careful abstract of important passages in Lord King's book. He especially cites two theses maintained therein: "1. That the presbyters [in the primitive Church] were different from the bishops in *gradu* or in *degre*; but yet, 2. They were equal to them in *ordine* or in *order*." These citations are made as embodying the final authority—next to the Scriptures—on the subject for the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Wesley's conversion to the moderate opinions of Stillingfleet was thorough. In 1756 he wrote: "I still believe the episcopal form of Church government to agree with the practice and writings of the apostles; but that it is prescribed in Scripture I do not believe. This opinion, which I once zealously espoused; I have been heartily ashamed of since I read Bishop Stillingfleet's 'Irenicon.' I think he has unanswerably proved that neither Christ nor his apostles prescribe any particular form of Church government; and that the plea of divine right for diocesan episcopacy was never heard of in the primitive Church." In 1780 he wrote to his brother Charles: "Read Bishop

Stillingfleet's 'Irenicon,' or any impartial history of the ancient Church, and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe I have as good a right to ordain as to administer the Lord's-supper." Wesley plainly drew from the "Irenicon" two conclusions: *first*, that episcopacy is not divinely prescribed; and *second*, that bishops and presbyters are substantially the same order, and have the same right of ordination. This theory has descended to our Church as an inheritance; it is our only theory. Any other is without historical sanction, and has no more weight than can be given to it from the name of its author. Of the ancient Church Stillingfleet says explicitly: "The next evidence that the Church did not look upon itself as bound by a divine law to a certain form of government, but did ordain things itself, in order to peace and unity, is, that after episcopal government was settled in the Church, yet ordination by presbyters was looked on as valid." (P. 402.) Most remarkable are some passages from Cranmer's manuscripts, quoted by Stillingfleet, in which that reformer answers certain questions propounded in the time of King Edward the Sixth. "The bishops and priests," says Cranmer, "were at one time not two things, but one office in the beginning of Christ's religion." "In the New Testament, he that is appointed to be bishop or priest needeth no consecration by the Scripture, for election and appointing thereto is sufficient." (P. 416.)

These are the traditional opinions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Ordination, therefore, with us, is an introduction to an office; it does not confer orders, which are created by election; the power to confer the orders is, therefore, in the electing body, and not in the ordaining agent; and finally, the ordaining act may be omitted without destroying the existence of the orders, or impairing their virtue. If this be so, ordination by our bishops is simply a convenience, and nothing more, and Dr. Raymond's assertion that the function belongs exclusively to them falls to the ground.

It may be said that our view detracts from the dignity of the episcopacy. We might answer that, whether it does or not, it is the correct, historical view. The dignity of our bishops consists, however, in the value of their services to the Church—services which

they are able to render because the Church has committed to them large administrative powers. We do not need to bolster them up by attributing a mystical efficacy to ordination at their hands.

Our fathers laid stress on the fact that "one bishop with the elders present may consecrate a bishop who has been previously elected by the General Conference." "This is agreeable," say Coke and Asbury, "to the Scriptures. We read 2 Tim. i, 6, 'I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee, by the putting on of my hands.' Here we have the imposition of the hands of the apostle. Again we read, 1 Tim. iv, 14, 'Neglect not the gift which is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.' Here we have the laying of the hands of the elders for the same gift. Nor is the idea that three bishops are necessary to consecrate a bishop grounded on any authority whatever, drawn from the Scriptures or the apostolic age." Whatever may be thought of this reasoning, clearly our fathers meant that the ordination even of a bishop was not exclusively the function of bishops. Moreover our form of ordination implies that orders are not conferred by the ordaining minister, but by the Church. We say: "The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop [or an elder] in the Church of God now committed unto thee by the authority of the Church through the imposition of our hands." The authority of the Church is the efficient cause of ordination, the ordaining minister is only the instrument. In the Protestant Episcopal Church the formula is: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop [or a priest] in the Church of God now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands," etc. Here the bishop confers the order. Dr. Raymond has taken us over to Anglican episcopacy, which is something wholly unlike ours.

We have left ourselves but little space for the second branch of Dr. Raymond's theory—the exclusive power of the bishops to station ministers. The bishops have no such exclusive power, in the sense that the Church can not dispense with their services. That the General Conference is the patron of all our pulpits is a principle of our government so

well established that it need only be here named. Our fathers always spoke of the stationing power as a trust committed to the bishops. Dr. Raymond's language would have been very distasteful to them. "But why," say Asbury and Coke, "does the General Conference lodge the stationing power in the episcopacy? We answer, on account of their entire confidence in it. If ever, through improper conduct, it loses that confidence in any considerable degree, the General Conference will, upon evidence given, in a proportionable degree take from it this branch of authority. But if ever it betrays a spirit of tyranny or partiality, and this can be proved before the General Conference, the whole will be taken from it." It is an abuse of language to speak of an episcopacy so described as having an exclusive power to station.

Dr. Raymond's language is the more unfortunate because it is found in a volume prepared for the training of candidates for the ministry. Such seed sowing will most likely in time be followed by a baleful harvest. Our bishops have shown no disposition to grasp powers not accorded by law; they have scrupulously kept within the letter of the rules laid down for their conduct by the General Conference. But in some coming day there may arise a bishop of another spirit, a bishop, high, heady, strong for his order, and resolved on increasing its show of dignity and authority. He will find a doctrine already prepared for his justification; he may turn to the "History of the Discipline," and from thence prove that Methodist bishops are co-ordinate with the General Conference; he may turn to Dr. Raymond's "Theology," and prove from thence that bishops have the sole power of ordination in our Church. From this position to divine right is but a short step, and the glory of our Church—an episcopacy, which makes no claim to superiority of order, but is dignified by the character of the men, and the value of their services as executive officers—will be taken away. The latest experiment of an episcopacy will have been defeated, and we shall be back in the old quagmire again. The new doctrine is a departure from the teaching of our fathers, and if I have succeeded in this argument, I have indicated what goal it will be likely to reach.

G. H. C.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

PARISIAN UMBRELLAS.—One noteworthy fact in connection with the umbrellas of the Parisians is, they are invariably returned when lent. That is, of course, if lent to a friend or acquaintance. If the lender has been forced, through stress of circumstances, to part with his umbrella to the detective-looking employés of that worthy institution, the *Mont de Piété* (the Parisian pawn-shop), well, then, it depends entirely upon himself whether he ever has it returned again. With respect to the ready return of these useful articles, when borrowed for a time by a particular friend, one may well say, "They manage these things much better in France." To return a borrowed article at the earliest possible opportunity is a point of honor with a Frenchman, whether that article be a franc, a book, a piece of music, or last, but not least, an umbrella. Englishmen are not quite so particular. There is a tale told in a French volume of *Jeu de mât*, of a certain London lawyer who used to exhibit a score or two of umbrellas upon the strength of the fee due to him for the advice. When questioned as to the nature of the advice given, his reply was, "I told them never to lend any thing, as it was a bad habit." It is needless to add that the victimized clients were advised after, and not before, the loan of their umbrellas. There is rather more of the *ben trovato* about this than the *vero*; but, at any rate, just for the sake of deriving some moral conclusion, we may safely assume that no French *avocat* would be guilty of such a questionable manner of obtaining his umbrellas as that. He would, of course, repair to the "Printemps" or "Magazins du Louvre," and lawfully possess himself by purchase of such an article, should he be in need of it. But stay! it is an open question whether Parisian lawyers ever make use of umbrellas. M. Gambetta, the *chef* of *avocats*, was never seen with one. Perhaps his fiery impetuosity would lead him to use it as an aggressive weapon with which to rout Paul de Cassagnac or Rouher in the French Assembly. However, the great democratic orator is under an umbrella now—one which overshadows him and protects him from the heat of his own fiery nature—an um-

brella whose stick is his title of President of the Chamber, and its covering the authority with which he is invested.

A NATIONAL COURTESY REPAID.—The English Government is about to repay us for a long-past courtesy in the presentation of a dinner-set made from the timbers of the frigate *Resolute*, which it is now proposed to break up. Some of our middle-aged readers may remember the history of this staunch old vessel, which was one of the expedition sent by England in 1853 in search of Sir John Franklin. Running short of provisions, her crew abandoned her in Baffin's Bay, and took to their sledges. She was found by some New London whalers nearly a thousand miles from the place where she was deserted, frozen solid in the ice. They rescued her, and brought her home; the United States Government bought her for \$30,000, fitted her up completely, manned her, and sent her to England to be delivered to the queen as a token of national good-will and personal respect for her as a woman. Her majesty and Prince Albert received the gift in person, the occasion was made as marked and public as possible, and a picture of the presentation ordered for the private gallery at Windsor. Now that the old ship is to be destroyed, Her Majesty gracefully proposes to return the little courtesy.

THE ITALIANS IN AFRICA.—We have several times referred to the annexation fever now raging in Italy. At last they have managed to raise their flag in Africa. The warship *Esploratore* has taken possession of the Bay of Assab in the Red Sea in the name of the Italian Government. An Italian colony is being founded in those waters, and the aggression has not merely been unopposed by the sultans and tribes of Darrakil, but they even prepared a congratulatory reception for the colonizers from modern Rome. Captain Amezaga and Professor Sopeno, the leaders of the expedition, are the heroes of the neighborhood. The Italian papers say that neither the English nor any other European government has offered the slightest opposition to the appropriation.

ENGLAND FORTIFYING IN THE EAST.—

The latest rumor from Paris is to the effect that Beaconsfield is busy with the project of acquiring a naval station near the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris, and that the exact spot fixed upon is Shatt-el-Arab. The negotiations, *on dit*, have been intrusted to Sir Henry Layard, who has received instructions to mention the matter to the sultan, pointing out that the acquirement of such a station in the gulf would be much to the interest of the Sublime Porte, especially since Asia Minor has been taken under the *quasi* guardianship of England, and must eventually be defended by English arms should political complications with Russia occur. With a naval station at Shatt-el-Arab, a British army of combined English and native troops from India could be readily landed to oppose any Russian descent from the Caucasus on the Euphrates-Tigris line, and Bassorah would be the English base of operations.

WOOD-CARVING is an industry which has been employing many people at the University of Cincinnati, and indeed so much work has been done in that city as to give it a certain fame for the excellency of its attainments in this line of industry. In Germany wood-carving is being carried to the most remarkable perfection. It is fostered by the establishment of schools for carving, particularly in districts where the wood used for the work—the Spanish walnut, the finest and best walnut the Germans have—is plentiful. Eighty of these carving schools exist at the present time in Germany, and eighty in Würtemberg; but so much importance is attached to the results which have flowed or are expected to flow from these institutions that the number of schools in Germany is to be increased to two hundred.

A WORTHLESS CROWN.—The emperor of all the Russians must be weary not only of his crown, but even of life. He no longer wears a coat of mail, but his carriages are plated with iron, and such is the mysterious secrecy with which he is surrounded that even the most trusted policemen are ignorant half an hour beforehand in what direction he is going. The cook is watched at his work by two special employés, and the kitchen door is guarded by two sentinels. The viands are tasted by experts, and only offered to the czar when they

are convinced that no poison is lurking in them. Fond as he is of a good cigar, he is obliged, from similar motives of prudence, to forego the pleasures of smoking. If Czar Alexander were a good Shakespearean scholar he must be frequently quoting, regarding his crown, those immortal words the duke addressed to Claudio regarding life, "If I lose thee I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep."

PATRIOTISM OF GERMAN ULTRAMONTANES.—

We have always held that Ultramontanists know only papal authority, and have no other sovereign and know no other attachment outside of their own home. There are Protestants who call this a bigoted notion. What say they in explanation of the recent declaration of the German Ultramontanes that it is unlawful to use church bells to ring in the anniversary of a grand national day, such as the commemoration of the battle of Sedan? Of course they put it on the ground that Protestants take occasion always to boast of this victory as a triumph over the Roman Church, and so a bill has been passed by the lower house providing that it shall not be lawful for the civil authorities to use the bells except to give alarm in cases of fire, flood, and other public calamities. Would n't it be about as well to set the bells a-going, and ring in this national calamity of having Ultramontane influence predominate in German legislative halls?

LIBERIA ENLARGED.—A curious bit of news comes from Africa. The little black republic of Liberia, that rather sickly offspring of the misdirected philanthropy of the American Colonization Society, which a little while ago was fearful of being swallowed up by the British colony of Sierra Leone, has been seized with the annexation fever itself, and has actually appropriated an entire native kingdom bearing the euphonious name of Medina. The new territory adjoins the interior frontier of the republic, and was acquired by friendly negotiation.

JOSEPH'S SUCCESSOR IN EGYPT.—An Austrian Jew named Julius Blum has been raised to the rank of pasha and assistant secretary of state by the khedive of Egypt. It is said that no other Israelite since the time of Joseph of old has reached such eminence in the land of the Pharaohs.

ART.

SIGNOR BRUMIDI.

THE death of Brumidi is a noteworthy event on account of his extended connection with the decoration of the National Capitol at Washington. For nearly a quarter century has this artist been employed by the government in the drawing of his designs and their execution in fresco on different rooms and passages of the Capitol; and his name has become intimately associated with the history of the ornamentation of the public buildings. His previous experience at Rome, in restoring the Raphael frescoes of the Loggia of the Vatican under Pope Gregory XVI, had directed the public attention to him at a time when all foreign art was at a premium, and the efforts of our native artists were little appreciated and less encouraged by the governmental patronage. The strength and freshness of Brumidi's early work were also unquestionable; but his long continuance in public employ must be accounted for on the ground of the impracticability of changing a general plan rather than by any claims to superior excellence over several native American artists, who during the past twenty years have been most diligent and successful in the department of decorative fresco. The persistent industry and singleness of aim of Brumidi are deserving of all commendation, and may furnish a most valuable lesson to the younger artists of the importance of protracted special studies. It is surprising how these specialists immerse themselves in their plans, and work for their execution when others would falter or find time for other occupations. Brumidi worked on till thirty-six hours before his death, with all the patience and industry and hope which had characterized his busy artistic life. Truly he "ceased at once to labor and to live."

Already the question is on every body's lips, Who shall be Brumidi's successor? It is not that the supreme greatness of his work makes it difficult to find men of American birth who could equal and surpass him in design and execution. For it must be remembered that while Brumidi's earlier work was his best work, and some claim that there has been a

decadence rather than a growth in the excellence of his frescoes, during the last twenty-five years several of our American artists have been most earnest and successful in their studies, and may most justly outrank Brumidi in his own chosen department. But the serious question will be an economical one: How can the work proceed, and yet the vast sums which have already been expended be available to secure the final result? There can be little doubt that much which has been done could now be much better done; but it is impossible to act upon this principle in the use of public funds. It is sincerely to be hoped that a successor may not be hastily chosen, but that the occupancy of the public thought in the stirring presidential campaign now pending may be so complete as to defer the appointment of a superintendent of decoration till the men best fitted to judge in this matter may have had abundant opportunity to consult together and make recommendation of the very best native artist to push this most important work through another stage of its progress.

Hitherto the artistic work upon the Capitol has generally been of a character to awaken very little enthusiasm among those best qualified to pass verdict upon it. It is devoutly to be wished that the immediate future may have in store for the nation something more truly excellent and inspiring.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS.

FROM time to time, in these art notes, we have pointed out the invaluable service which the general government might render to true learning in the United States by a comparatively limited appropriation each year for purposes of exploration on the sites of old civilizations, and the collection of the objects thus discovered in a national museum at Washington. It will, perhaps, be vain to expect much from governmental aid towards such an object; possibly a new stage of our national life, not yet reached, may witness the accomplishment of an end so desirable. Meantime it is especially gratifying to notice the interest which this subject is awakening in certain circles of scholars, who in quiet but

persistent ways, are trying to enlist the attention of great capitalists in expeditions for exploration. In several of our chief cities—notably in New York and Boston—quiet but earnest meetings have been held, and plans discussed. Some of the most wealthy and generous citizens have received these suggestions with marked favor, and we are not without hope that in the near future an expedition to excavate some rich site of an earlier civilization in Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, or Assyria may sail from New York, which may return laden with much rich spoil to reward their industry. What General Cesnola, a private man without great fortune, has accomplished in the now famous Cypriote collection may be repeated again and again by well-planned expeditions to any one of a dozen sites which may be visited. Another class of citizens is turning attention to the art and archæology of our own continent, and very earnest attempts are being made to fit out a well-planned expedition to excavate amidst the marvelous remains in Central America and Mexico. The mystery now hanging over the history of this Western Continent can be lifted in no other way than by setting earnestly at work to collect facts and data for a fair and scientific induction. The riddle is not hopelessly insoluble. As in Egyptology, and in the deciphering of the cuneiform writings of interior Asia, so in American remains, persevering industry and skill may place in our hands the key that shall unlock the now closed portals of our past. If private industry and capital shall be rewarded this may stimulate the general government to unite in the furtherance of the work.

DR. ALFRED WOLTMANN.

THIS foremost art-critic and art-historian of Germany died at Mentone, February 6th. His name was so well and favorably known to the American public through his "Holbein and His Time," and as joint editor of the second edition of Schnaase's exhaustive history of art, that a slight notice must be agreeable. We find the following facts condensed in the recent notices of his death. He was the grandson of the noted historian, Karl Ludwig Woltmann, and was educated at the University of Berlin, under the especial guidance of Dr. Waagon, the veteran art-critic and historian. After graduation he gave protracted and patient

study to the life and works of Holbein, publishing the results of investigations in 1866, under the title of "Holbein und seine Zeit." As *Privat-docent* at the University of Berlin, as Professor of Art History at the Karlsruhe Polytechnicum, and six years later at the University of Prague, he achieved a brilliant reputation for research and just criticism. His "Holbein and His Times" was completed in 1868. This work was subjected to very severe criticism and strictures by the earnest admirers of the elder Holbein, which led Woltmann to carefully review his ground and issue a second edition, in which, with characteristic honesty, he accepted most of the suggestions of his critics and incorporated them into his work. Among other of his works may be mentioned "German Art and the Reformation" (1867), "Lectures on the History of Berlin Architecture" (1872), "History of German Art in Alsace" (1876), "Netherlandish and German Art during Four Centuries," and he had begun a most valuable "History of Painting," of which only the first volume, treating of Painting in the Middle Ages, was completed in 1879. Besides these works, and performing the delicate and important editorial work on Schnaase's "History of Painting," Dr. Woltmann, has contributed a large number of exceedingly able and interesting criticisms on various subjects connected with his life work.

While a professor in the University of Prague he devoted much time to the study of Bohemian art, and took occasion to defend German art against the false accusations of the Bohemians. This criticism of the authorities which had passed as unquestioned in this venerable seat of learning caused much commotion among the Bohemian scholars, and even entered into political questions. It is not, therefore, surprising that his situation should have become somewhat unpleasant, and that an atmosphere of purer and freer thought should have been ardently desired. His appointment in 1878 to the new and progressive University of Strasburg was accepted with gladness, and he had laid broad plans for still more extended and fundamental studies in his favorite department, when his death has produced unfeigned sorrow to a large circle of friends and admirers.

Professor Woltmann's work was cut short in the midst of his highest usefulness, and

the friends of art culture and of criticism have in his early death experienced a sore bereavement.

BARRY—ARCHITECTURE AND UTILITY.

IN the death of Edward Middleton Barry, R. A., the Royal Academy of London has lost one of its foremost associates and most brilliant professors. It was generally acknowledged that he stood at the very head of the school which pursued Renaissance art and architecture, and that the Academy had had few more profound and original lecturers. *The Architect* closes a very appreciative notice of his life and works in these words: Barry was elected a Royal Academician in 1869, having been chosen an Associate soon after the completion of the Covent Garden Opera-house. He succeeded Mr. Sidney Smirke in the position of treasurer of the Royal Academy, and Sir Gilbert Scott in that of Professor of Architecture. In this capacity he has delivered courses of lectures marked by great learning, cultivated taste, and vigorous original thought. Singular to relate, his untimely death leaves the Winter course of the present session incomplete, his last lecture, delivered on January 22d, being only the third of the course. Mr. Barry was a Fellow of the Institute of Architects, and one of its vice-presidents, and had received the gold medal. He was a Foreign honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Vienna, and enjoyed other distinctions.

Edward Barry was original, energetic, decided in his handling of the masses and features of his work, fond of ornament, and somewhat reckless in the use of it, but full of true artistic feeling, and profoundly learned in his own and in the sister arts. His personal character was such as commanded respect and invited confidence. Thoughtful and deliberate in manner, thorough in method, fertile in resource, painstaking and yet bold, he united many of the best qualities that an architect should possess. He attracted those who knew him intimately by a fund of varied information, an unflagging brightness and kindness of disposition, and an unequalled brilliancy in conversation. The best of companions, his large range of knowledge and experience and the force of his powerful intellect and determined will were graced, but not concealed, by

a constant flow of clear illustration and brilliant wit, not unmixed at times with hearty fun—all which it is sad to think will be heard no more by that large circle of friends among whom his society was prized.

It would, doubtless, be interesting to become acquainted with the style and thought of a man who is thus ranked among the very foremost of British architects. The following from a lecture on "Architecture and Utility" may serve this purpose: Architecture, therefore, recognizes utility as the basis of her work, on which she erects a superstructure of her own, with grace of proportion and beauty of ornament. Without such additions utility alone would give us not architecture, but only building. . . . There is plenty of scope for the architect to unite art with utility. We are told sometimes that utility is so far to rule that every portion of a design should declare its use, whether such use be noble or ignoble, and however the architectural composition, as a whole, may be affected by such partial treatment. We see daily, in consequence, designs of shreds and patches, which, while affecting to make a god of utility, are often in reality not convenient, while they offend the sense of fitness, which demands dignity and elegance as well as convenience in architectural work. Nor is this the only evil. In paying tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, the weightier matters of the law are neglected. Young architects are apt sometimes to act as if it were a triumph of their art to throw down at random parts of a composition and accept the result. Irregularity is supposed of necessity to give picturesqueness, and the external quaintness of a house is more studied than the purse or the comfort of the inmates. This, I need hardly say, is a complete inversion of the principle that our art is based upon utility. To indulge in such tastes is doubtless far easier than to study carefully the requirements of each building, and consider how they can be artistically complied with. This, however, and no less, is the duty of the architect, and only by performing it thoroughly can he achieve complete success. It is useless for a house, for example, to be delightful to the architect, with gables, turrets, and dormers, if the owner declares that to such matters have been sacrificed warmth, comfort, and ventilation. A design of architecture must always

be a compromise, and when one class of considerations obtrude themselves with an exaggerated prominence the others become more or less sacrificed. Architecture, of course, is not all utility, and has, in her higher character, claims on the consideration of society at large. She is bound to assert her place in regard to the public buildings of the country. In this position, at any rate, she can tolerate no derogation from her position as one of the fine arts. It is her province to erect temples of worship and to dignify cities. In humbler works it is her privilege to carry a feeling for art into the homes of the thousands. In fine, she has to unite beauty with utility, and apply the result to the service of men. It should not surely be said of our art that all the good is over. We have the past for instruction, and not for blind imitation. The powers of man are not diminished since the days of the artistic giants of antiquity, while science has conferred upon us privileges of which they little dreamt. Archi-

ture, therefore, pursuing her mission, and supported by art on the one hand and by science on the other, may, if true to herself, still look hopefully forward; for in the language of our president's address, "certain it is that architects may look with proud confidence into the future, for they practice an art raised on an immovable basis of science, clothing itself in forms of abstract beauty, enriched by the co-operation of sculpture, and yet made lovelier, when it chooses, by the charms of color. And though no man shall invent a new style—as the foolish phrase goes—for styles are not invented, but evolved—I do not doubt but that in due time the tentative and elective phase through which architecture seems now to be passing will give place to more homogeneous development, in which, while the individuality of the artist finds free room to assert itself, the requirements, physical and intellectual, of each particular country will achieve a more definite and distinctive expression."

NATURE.

SUNLIGHT AND VEGETATION.—Prof. Schübeler, of Christiania, who for nearly thirty years has been engaged in observing the influences exerted by differences of climate on vegetation, has published the result of his observations in a Norwegian journal.

The first of his series of observations refer to Winter wheat, and were undertaken with the special view of noting what effect the almost unbroken sunlight of the short Scandinavian Summers had on plants raised from foreign seed. The experiments were made with samples of grain from Bessarabia and Ohio, and in both cases it was found that the original color of the grain gradually acquired each year a richer and darker color—the difference being perceptible in the first year's crop—until it finally assumed the yellow-brown hue of other home-grown Norwegian Winter wheats. Similar results were obtained with maize, different kinds of garden and field peas and beans, and certain other garden plants, as celery, parsley, etc. In no case has Dr. Schübeler found that an imported plant, capable of being cultivated in Norway, loses its intensity of color after continued cultiva-

tion, while in regard to many of the common garden flowers of Central Europe, he believes it may be asserted with certainty that, after their acclimatization in Norway, they acquire an increase of size as well as augmentation of color.

These altered conditions are more forcibly manifested the farther north we go, within the limits of capacity of vegetation for different plants. The change in the case of *Veronica serpyllifolia* and *Trientalis Europæa* is remarkable, the former changing as it goes farther north from a pale to a dark blue, and the latter from white to rose-pink. It is noteworthy that a tinge of red is a common characteristic of the vegetation of Scandinavia, this being observable alike in blue, yellow, green, and white colors.

Color is not, however, the only property affected by the unbroken daylight of the Summers; for the aroma of all fruits is much greater than that of the same fruits when grown in more Southern countries. This is especially observable in regard to strawberries, cherries, and the various kinds of wild berries. This excess of aroma in northern plants and

fruits coexists with an inferior degree of sweetness. Thus the common golden-drop plum and the greengage of Christiania, although large, well-colored, and rich in aroma, are so deficient in sweetness as to seem unripe to those who have eaten these fruits in France or Southern Germany.

This increase of aroma, or intensification of flavor, due to uninterrupted sunlight, has the effect of making many of our most savory garden plants almost uneatable in Scandinavia. Thus common whitestick celery, which has been grown near Christiania with careful attention to methods followed in England, and which in outward appearance could not be distinguished from plants brought direct from Covent Garden market, has a sharp, unpleasant taste.

IMPRISONED LIGHT.—A most curious scheme is detailed in a recent scientific journal, of which the following is a review:

A little reflection will show that if a means could be found for storing up light, as heat and electricity can be stored, the invention would be of almost infinite application. To discover means of this kind has been the aim of an English chemist, Mr. W. H. Balmain, formerly of the University College, London, and latterly manufacturing chemist of St. Helen's, Lancashire, for a period extending over forty years, and the results of his researches were protected in a patent under the name of "luminous paint." It is known that there are certain earths, such as the sulphides of lime and baryta, and some sorts of sea-shells, which, on being exposed to the light for some time, become luminous in the dark, and apparently give out again the light they have absorbed. Mr. Balmain's idea was to compound a paint of these substances which could be applied to windows, walls of streets, buoys, notices, clock faces, and a thousand other articles which it would be desirable to see at night, so as to render them self-luminous. Owing, however, to the illness of the inventor no practical issue came to his invention until quite recently, when it was taken up in a spirited fashion by Messrs. Ihlee and Horne, of London. A company has been formed to work the patent, and there is already an eager demand for the mysterious illuminant.

The physical nature of this light-storing

process appears to be that the waves of light breknig upon the molecules of this sensitive compound start them into vibration, and this vibration, continuing long after the source of light is withdrawn, sets up a succession of ether waves which affect the eye as light, much in the same way as the blow of a bell-clapper gives rise to waves of sound. The sensitive surface of the paint, exposed to sunlight or the more powerful beams of the electric light for a sufficient length of time, will continue to emit light for four or five hours afterward. Of course the "stored" light grows fainter as the time grows longer.

The lords of the admiralty have been experimenting with it at Whitehall, and have expressed themselves in favor of it for lighting up the compartments of ironclads, or for the powder-magazines. A lantern capable of enabling a person to read or work in the dark can be made by framing a few square feet of the painted surface; and the superintendent of the West India Docks has ordered lanterns for use in their dangerous spirit vaults.

THE BAGDAD "DATE-MARK."—Bagdad is noted for a mysterious malady which affects every body in the city, whether citizen or stranger. It is a sore, called a "date-mark," because after it has healed it leaves an indelible mark about the size and shape of a date. It generally comes upon the face, lasts a year, then disappears. The cheek of nearly every man and woman in Bagdad shows the inevitable mark. Sometimes it settles upon the nose, and then the disfigurement is great; sometimes on the eyelid, when blindness is the result.

Strangers are attacked even after a very brief residence; but fortunately, if they are adults, the sore is more apt to come on the arm. In every case the attack runs its course for one year. No treatment, no ointment or medicine, has the slightest effect upon it. Once the sore appears, the sufferer knows what to expect, and may as well resign himself. The Arabs say that every one who goes to Bagdad must get the "date-mark," or if he does not get it while in the city, he will be followed by it; if he does not get it while he is alive, he will get it after he dies; but have it sooner or later he must.

Dr. Thom, of the American mission, states

that he has examined the ulcer under the microscope, and found it to be composed of a fungoid growth; but nothing that he had ever tried had been able to arrest its course.

PREHISTORIC EGYPTIAN RIVERS.—Dr. Delamotte, who is thoroughly conversant with the geology and geography of Egypt, gives it as his opinion, according to a French journal, that the Nile was not the only river which watered ancient or prehistoric Egypt. The country was then watered, according to him, by all the rivers now dried up, and which the Arabs of the desert call Bahr-el-Abiad, "rivers without water," great beds of sand, in which shells had been found long ago. When these rivers were dried up Dr. Delamotte does not pretend to indicate. But as to the geological phenomenon which has led to this drying up, and, as a consequence, the change into a desert of vast fertile regions, Dr. Delamotte believes he has discovered this, and, after twenty years of work, he has gone to Egypt to verify the data which ought to justify his theory.

In prehistoric times, according to him, all the plateau of Khartum, the rise of which is scarcely sixteen metres, was a great lake, similar to the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika, and from which the Nile issued, as it issues to-day from its two lakes; but the cataracts were then much higher than they are to-day, and when the river reached them, instead of precipitating all its mass of water on these cliffs of granite and porphyry, it divided into different currents, which formed the Bahr-el-Abiad of to-day, and which watered the region now changed into a desert. After long centuries, then, the granite and the porphyry of the cataracts were insensibly worn, their level lowered, and immediately the Nile retired from the Bahr-el-Abiad, to precipitate its entire volume into the single channel which it follows to-day. But the scientific proof of this is not the sole object aimed at by Dr. Delamotte; he is also of opinion that to fill again the Bahr-el-Abiad, and thus to increase tenfold the arable land of Egypt, it will suffice to raise the cataracts; that is, to establish at each of them a system of dams and locks. The khedive, it is said, is greatly interested in these fine schemes, and has promised his support to Dr. Delamotte.

LIFE FROM A CHEMICAL STAND-POINT.—The following table, which is a *résumé* of life processes, was presented to the astonished world many years ago by the distinguished scientist, the late Jean Baptiste André Dumas. While the well-established truths there presented are of the utmost interest, it is a matter of satisfaction to remember that "tis not the whole of life to live."

| THE ANIMAL Acts as an Apparatus of Combustion: | THE PLANT Acts as an Apparatus of Reduction: |
|--|--|
| Burns..... { Carbon, Hydrogen; | Reduces..... { Carbon, Hydrogen, Ammonia; |
| Expires..... { Carbonic acid, Water, Ammonia, Nitrogen; | Fixes..... { Carbonic acid, Water, Ammonia, Nitrogen; |
| Consumes... { Oxygen, Neutral nitro- genous sub- stances, | Produces... { Oxygen, Neutral nitro- genous sub- stances, |
| Produces... { Fat, Starch, Sugar, Gum; | Absorbs..... { Fat, Starch, Sugar, Gum; |
| Restores..... { Heat, Electricity; | Withdraws... { Heat; Electricity; |
| Transforms... { Its elements to air and earth; | Borrows..... { Its elements from air and earth; |
| | Transforms... { Mineral mat- ter into or- ganic. |

PENETRATIVE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Some time ago an experiment was tried at Saratoga, N. Y., to test the distance at which the electric light would illuminate a given spot; and it was found that a concentrated beam, carried seven miles to Ballston, furnished enough light to read by. A more crucial test of the great penetrating power of the electric light is now furnished by the officers of the French-Algerian Triangulation Service, who recently saw the electric light from the Spanish station of Zetia, from a distance of more than one hundred and forty-six miles. This observation is proof, if proof were needed, of the great value of this light for maritime purposes, when it is exhibited from sufficiently elevated positions.

ENGLAND TALKS WITH AFRICA.—Cape of Good Hope has been brought into telegraphic communication with England by the successful completion of the cable between Aden and Zanzibar. The first message was transmitted between Queen Victoria, the sultan of Zanzibar, and the governor of the South African colonies. Submarine lines of telegraph now almost girdle the entire globe.

RELIGIOUS.

ROMANISM ON THE INCREASE IN OUR COUNTRY.—The archdiocese of New York leads as usual this year in the column of Catholic population, the number being 600,000. The next largest see is the archdiocese of Boston, 310,000. The archdiocese of Philadelphia is third, with 275,000; the archdiocese of New Orleans fourth, with 250,000; the diocese of Chicago fifth, with 230,000; the archdiocese of Baltimore and Cincinnati and the diocese of Brooklyn, each has 200,000. In the number of priests New York likewise leads, with 383, and Baltimore is second, with 261. We remember reading of a man who went up to Peter to get admitted to heaven and was ignored by the sainted apostle holding the keys to heaven, on the ground of not knowing such a place as the one from which the stranger came. He was the first arrival from Chicago. Foolish Protestants have been inclined to attribute this heavenly ignorance to the proverbial wickedness of that city. The Romish statistics explain more satisfactorily. Chicagoans are strangers there because the Church of Rome holds the keys of heaven. Whew, what an honor to New York to stand first!

THE LOOCHOOANS.—In the present critical state of affairs between China and Japan in regard to the suzerainty of the Loochoo Islands, much interest attaches to an official document issued by the Japanese in which it is maintained that the islands are connected by certain geomantic signs in the earth with the Japanese province of Sastuma. The forty-eight characters of the Japanese alphabet are in use there, having been communicated to the islanders by Minamotonotameto. Their language is a mixture of Chinese words clad in the Japanese alphabet. They call their own kingdom Okina, or otherwise Okinawa. As regards their religion, they worship Yi Shib, the Great Spirit of Japan, besides other divinities. In many of their domestic customs, too, the Japanese maintain that their practice indubitably indicates their origin.

IS IT THE POPE'S PAPER?—The circular which announced the appearance in Rome on January 1st of a daily paper, to be called the

Aurora, denied that it would have an official character, the denial being due, no doubt, to rumors that have been widely circulated that the paper would be an organ of the Vatican. Nevertheless, it is said that public opinion in Rome, now that the paper has been issued quite a little while, regards it, at least, as under the protection and auspices of high papal authority. It is believed that it draws its spirit from the pope himself; without anticipating his intentions or having the air of forcing his hand, it aims directly to follow his policy. In style it adopts that temperate tone which at present prevails in all Vatican utterances. The editor of it is Pietro Balan, who is an able writer and has gained distinction for his historical knowledge. He already holds a high position in the office of the Vatican archives. Now the question arises, why should a spiritual power seek such a secular weapon? Romanism once had temporal power; is it not looking after it now?

EMERSON NOT A THEOLOGIAN AFTER ALL.—There is a good deal of discussion in the papers about Emerson's theological status. His *credo* is probably doubtful even to himself. He may have Unitarian leanings and Trinitarian tendencies; he is surely no man of settled convictions yet. His essays clearly prove this much. That Mr. Emerson is a much better man in practice than in theory we also know. We remember reading of a theological student who went to Emerson with a complaint that wide differences of opinion prevailed among the Unitarian divinity students at Harvard. "I am not much interested in these discussions," replied the philosopher of Concord, "but still it seems deplorable that there should be a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the chimpanzee. I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian, too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another."

AN APPEAL BY GREEK MONKS.—The landed property which long ago fell to the monks of Mount Athos and Jerusalem from pious testators in Roumania, and which, in 1864, owing

to a failure to appropriate the revenues as prescribed in the act of gift, were sequestered by Prince Conza, have become the subject of new negotiations. For many years negotiations were carried on concerning them between the Greek patriarchs and the Roumanian Government, but they led to no definite result. An appeal is now made to an article of the late treaty which says the monks of Mount Athos, whatever their native country, shall be maintained in their former possessions and advantages. The monks claim that the confiscated Roumanians' properties are still their rightful possessions.

CHURCHES THAT WON'T HAVE MORTGAGES.—

Such, surely, are those proposed to be built in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas. They are to be made of soda. A few such already exist. The walls are of soda, the roofs are covered with soda, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about twenty-six by thirty-six, for an outlay of money of only ten dollars, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sod, if properly built and protected, will last a hundred years. Roofs of shingles and floors of wood are greatly to be desired; but, of course, they add very much to the cost of a church.

A VERITABLE PASTOR OF HIS FLOCK.—

Such the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst must have proved to his people at Lennox, Massachusetts, if we may judge from the scene witnessed at his farewell sermon. Our readers will recall him as the lately chosen pastor of the New York Madison Square Presbyterian Church. He had just finished reading the announcement of his resignation, and had given out the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds." Hearing no response from the choir he ventured to look up to find out the cause of this break in the service, when he saw the chorister shaking his head as if to say no. The choir had been overcome by their feelings and were unable to sing. It was not long before the congregation were also in tears. This was a time when all bond and privilege of nature broke.

DONOR TO GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.—

The paragraph in the March REPOSITORY containing a notice of the endowment of the Professorship of Practical Theology in Garrett

Biblical Institute, is at fault as to the name of the donor, it being Cornelia A. Miller, not "Nutter." It would have been gratifying to Mrs. Miller, as well as greatly helpful to the institute, if her coffers had been so well filled with ready money as to have enabled her to give the thirty thousand dollars in cash. The fact is, she gave her obligation to pay this amount in annual installments running through a term of years.

PROTESTANT CHANCES IN BELGIUM.—M. de Laveleye, writing of the Catholic opposition to the Belgian school law, says the priests have begun a reign of terror. Many parents and teachers are being excommunicated for recognizing the state schools. He says now is the golden opportunity of Protestantism in Belgium; and so we say. A little less than three centuries ago the founder of Jansenism was born within the borders of the Belgian country, and in the early opening of the seventeenth century was a professor at the Louvain University, now the great stronghold of Romish theology on the continent. The work Jansenius began was suffered to die out in Belgium, but flourishes still in grand results in Holland. The separation from that country in 1830 only tended to strengthen Romanism in Belgium until the school question brought an issue between the state and the Church. Now when the Church is arrogantly exercising unwarranted liberties, the more liberal and considerate Christianity of the New Testament should find its exponents ready to counteract the influences of infidelity, which are likely to wax strong in the face of such a helpless enemy as Rome always proves in an intellectual contest. We say let the land of Jansenius be evangelized. Why should we not establish a mission there at once?

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS BODY PROJECTED.—

The Rev. John Miller, of Princeton, who was dropped from the presbytery a year or two ago, is to have a new church. Since he was dropped he has been preaching at Stony Brook and Plainsboro, near Princeton, where he has had the use of small church buildings. The new church will be put up at Princeton, almost under the shadow of the theological seminary. It will cost a moderate sum of money, be cruciform in shape, and be known as the "Old Church."

A PROTESTANT COLLEGE IN CHINA.—St. John's College has been opened at Shanghai, China, by Bishop Schereschewsky, its president. The full collegiate course is to run through six years. The course of instruction is, the English literature and language, geography, history, evidences of Christianity, natural science, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, mental and moral philosophy, international law. This Schereschewsky is a Jew, but has, since his apostasy, made marvelous strides in scholarship, and promises to be a great honor and useful servant in the Church of Christ. Who says no good can come out of Bethlehem?

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—This body has made arrangements for the centenary of Sunday-schools. The programme comprises simultaneous services and meetings to be held during the centenary week, from June 27th to July 4th, throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies. Special services will be held in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's cathedral. There will be a conference at Lambeth Palace, where also a gathering of children will take place.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—An English curate who has been in holy orders thirty years recently applied for admission to a work-house in Devonshire as a pauper, and the Board of Guardians granted the application.

—Rev. Russel Streeter, who died recently in Woodstock, Vermont, was the oldest clergyman of the Universalist denomination, and possessed the distinction of being one of the fathers of that faith. He was eighty-eight years of age.

—It is fifty years since missionaries first landed in New Zealand, but out of a population estimated at one hundred thousand, there are now only about one thousand who do not make a profession of Christianity. It is said that one-tenth of their income is readily contributed by this people to the support of the Christian religion.

—The only place in the United States where services are held by the Sandemanian Society is Danbury, Connecticut, the place of burial of Robert Sandeman, the leader who gave his name to the sect. Every week the members have a meeting at which they greet each other with a kiss, and then sit down to a dinner provided by a steward in their employ.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

AFRICAN SALUTATIONS.—During his explorations of Tibesti, Dr. Nachtigal experienced many dangers and difficulties, losing his way and suffering from want of water and forced night marches. A very interesting account is given of the ceremonials observed by the Tubu people in greeting one another. A most elaborate performance is gone through when two strangers meet in this wild country. Each of the performers covers all his face but his eyes with his turban, seizes his spear and throwing-iron (a curious, boomerang-like weapon, with a long projecting prong in the concave margin), and, thus prepared, the two approach one another. At a distance of about six steps from one another they squat on their heels, with spear upright in one hand and iron in the other. The one then asks, "How do you do?" about a dozen times by means of four different words, having that meaning

used alternately, the reply being varied by the use of two words, "Laha" or "Killala." Then one of the two loudly sings the word "Ihilla," which is returned by the other in a similar tone. The word is exchanged again and again, being commenced in a loud, high-pitched note, and gradually run down the scale till it reaches a low base murmur. When it has become so low as scarcely to be heard, on a sudden it is shouted again in a high key, and the gamut is run through as before. This goes on for a very long while, the performers going through it as a strict matter of ceremony, and taking no interest in one another all the while, but looking round at the horizon or elsewhere during their vocal exertions. After a while various forms of the question "How are you?" and the answer, "Well," are introduced. At last questions on other topics are brought forward, although now and again

the "Thilla" bursts out in the midst of them, but the series of notes in which it is shouted becomes shorter and shorter. At last the "Thilla" is got rid of altogether, and ordinary conversation becomes possible. Strangers do not shake hands, but acquaintances do. The covering of the face when greeting or meeting strangers is considered as a most important matter of etiquette.

OLD-TIME SCOTTISH MINISTERS.—There were remarkable oddities in the Scottish ministry in days of old. Mr. Kennedy, in "The Days of our Fathers in Ross-shire," recites the following: "Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was greatly perplexed by a text; he could make nothing of it; so, late at night, he started off to Selkirk, a distance of fifteen miles, to take counsel upon it of his friend, Dr. Lawson. He arrived at one in the morning. He had to knock many times at the manse before he was heard. At last a servant appeared, asking who he was, and what in the name of all disorders could have brought him at that hour of the night. The perplexed parson insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. He had been in bed hours since. 'I must see him, however,' said he, 'and you must hold my horse until I come down.' He knew the way to the doctor's bedroom. He knocked, and entered in the dark. He told his brother minister his errand. Lawson entered into the difficulties of the situation, and, although in a somewhat dreamy state, he commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, showing the bearing of the context, referred to parallel passages, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction, who thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good-morning, and then, mounting his horse, rode back through the night to Jedburgh. In the morning, about five, Dr. Lawson awoke. 'My dear,' he said to Mrs. Lawson, 'I have had a very singular and not unpleasant dream. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult me about a text that troubled him.' 'It was no dream,' said Mrs. Lawson; 'Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I had to listen to all that you and he had to say.'"

WHY JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK FAILED IN LIFE.—In 1832 Parliament welcomed, as its member for Bath, John Arthur Roebuck, the grandson of John Roebuck, the great English

iron-master in his time, and the companion of James Watt in his early experiments on the steam-engine. For years after there was no more powerful member in the house. During the great agitation of the corn question in 1842, and at other times of national crisis, Mr. Roebuck's views were honored with the nation's attention. There never in this world was a better assailant of a job, a more resolute critic of administrative bungling, than John Arthur Roebuck. "Dog Tear-'em," as he christened himself on one memorable occasion, was never slow to fly at the throat of minister or private member when the public interest seemed to demand vigorous action of this kind. But, notwithstanding all these merits, Roebuck failed. The reason lay in an unrestrained indulgence of vindictiveness, jealousy, and a morbid inflation of self-consciousness. He never *could* be in the wrong. In the strife for Union or secession in this country he took ground with the slave-holding confederacy, and displayed a violent hostility to us. But the failure of the South made that class of "unerring" politicians unpopular in England, and in 1868 the man who had proved strong enough thirteen years previously to drive the "Peelite successorship"—as the Aberdeen ministry was called—from power was himself discarded, never more to rise again in political life. The world will not use talents of morbid geniuses. Common sense and an honest heart are alone safe strings to tie to.

THE FIRST OF THE MATHERS.—The church in which Richard Mather, grandfather of the more celebrated Cotton Mather, began his ministry is still in existence and in use at Toxteth Park, near Liverpool. It is described as a small structure of dark stone, completely overgrown with ivy. In its yard are the graves of the early inhabitants of Liverpool, and on its walls are mural tablets to commemorate the virtues of various people. There is no steeple or tower, and the small windows are only slightly arched. Since Mather settled in the New World, and laid the foundation of a famous line of Puritan preachers, his church has seen many changes. At one time it belonged to the Catholics; again the Church of England possessed it; and after being also in the hands of Presbyterians and Congregationalists, it has come at last to be occupied

by Unitarians. It was built in the reign of James I, in what was then a heavy forest, to which a band of Puritans had fled after the martyrdom of John Bradford, at Smithfield.

SUPERSTITION NOT A THING OF THE PAST.—

We think so, as we read in the Irish papers of a *miraculous* appearance of the Virgin Mary in a chapel in Ireland, how hundreds gather at night to see a bright, unearthly light in one of the windows, figures, and other attractions, too, and how pieces of the plaster of the church are carried away for their miraculous properties. But we say this is the outgrowth of Romish ignorance and religious bigotry. Yet what shall we say to excuse away such an evidence of superstitious bigotry as that of the Rev. J. F. Cole, who, in administering communion to inmates of the Horsham Workhouse, England, having chanced to spill some of the wine on the apron of one of the girls, cuts out the piece which was stained, and *buries* it, because, by consecration, the wine had become the precious blood of Christ!

ENGLISH LAND LAWS.—The land laws of England are wrapped in a fog so dense as to make the subject intensely unattractive to the general public. Unlike our commercial code, they have their origin in remote and semi-barbarous times, and are overlaid with a mass of mediæval rubbish, a legacy from that wonderful Norman race, who, to the true instincts of feudalism, united a perfect genius for legal quirks and quibbles, and who, having made themselves masters of the land of England, proceeded to write their laws upon it in characters which centuries of change and progress have not effaced. It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, the technical knowledge, without which no law reformer ought to approach such a subject, should have become the monopoly of very few persons. How many, it may be asked, even among practicing barristers, could pass the most rudimentary examination in the laws of perpetuity and entail? But experience shows that the priest who holds the key of the mystery is not always in a hurry to unlock the door. In justice, also, to the generation of real property-lawyers which is passing away, it may be said that they were brought up in a school which regarded the fabric of our land laws as resting upon foundations as immutable as the law of gravitation

or the rotary movement of the planets. The mere suggestion that a man might, as in some of the States of America, pass land by the simple words, "I, A. B., sell to you, C. D., for £1,000 (the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge), the lands colored pink on the map copied from the ordnance survey sheet,—No.—, and drawn at the foot of this piece of parchment; and I warrant you against the claims of all persons deriving title through me," instead of by a mass of half mechanical jargon covering two or three skins of parchment, would, in their eyes, savor something of profanity. As the late Mr. Joseph Kay, one of the few practical lawyers who have had the courage to discuss the question from a popular point of view, observes: The subject of the land laws is surrounded by so many technicalities, the law is so difficult even for lawyers to understand, such a vast literature of rubbish has grown up around it, so many thousand cases have been argued and reported upon its meaning, and lawyers are so unwilling to put their own hands to the work of reform, that it is not wonderful that the most singular mistakes should be made by many public speakers, and that the real reforms which are needed should still be wrapped in so much obscurity. Yet the style of warranty deeds is much simpler now than formerly. Even for city lots mention was once made of *measures*, *water-courses*, *easements*, *glebe-lands*, *mendows*, and what not, though the ground was perfectly innocent of them all!

GOD AFTER ALL.—Dr. Carpenter, a leading English physiologist, in an article in the *Modern Review*, writes thus succinctly: "I deem it just as absurd and illogical to affirm that there is no place for God in nature, originating, directing, and controlling its forces by his will, as it would be to assert that there is no place in man's body for his conscious mind." After all, it is only the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God.

TRANSFORMATION OF WORDS.—An old woman was, like Iago, troubled with "a raging tooth." The Lady Bountiful of the village gave her *eau de cologne* to assuage the pain. A cure was effected, and with her thanks the late sufferer mingled admiration for the rightly named "Oh, do go along," which had made her toothache go along so promptly.

LITERATURE.

WOMAN'S work in the Church has been for the most part diffusive. A little aid here and there, spiritual, social, financial, according to the demand, has been given, and quickly absorbed in general interests, calling for no historian. Woman's special, organized work is now in its first stage; and strange as it appears, in connection with Missions. It is a significant fact that no other cause has united women of various sections, of different social position, of all ages and degrees of talent, and given them definite duties to perform in a systematic way. It is a still more significant fact that special interest in this cause has so increased in a single decade; for we find that between 1868 and 1878 twelve distinct woman's missionary societies were organized within evangelical Churches. This certainly indicates a new era of thought and action. It is a "sign of the times" which augurs well for women of the Church at home, and women without a Church abroad. But although this movement has been forwarded by women as they were moved by the Spirit, and gladly welcomed by hundreds as its claims were set forth, few, comparatively, have any just conception of its extent and importance. No history or cyclopædia furnished the facts and figures eagerly sought for in preparing address or essay; and statistics, meager at best, only related to that denominational society with whose workings the writer happens to be most familiar. These "Historical Sketches" * have been written none too soon. They supply just the information so much needed and desired, carefully and concisely arranged. Each sketch has been prepared by one fully qualified to represent the society whose history is outlined; and hence we have an authentic, impartial account. The result is truly wonderful. It is a complete answer, so far as missionary work is concerned, to the question, What are Christian women doing for the world's salvation? Simple statements of facts, such as we find in this small volume, must

* HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND, with an introduction by Miss Isabel Hart, of Baltimore. Boston: Published by Mrs. L. H. Daggett, 287 Bunker Hill St.

add to the zeal and increase the knowledge of many workers all over the land. As a few soldiers, weary with the march, feel new life thrilling every nerve when from a hill-top they catch a glimpse of moving ranks of comrades with flags of victory flying, so we gain courage as we comprehend the meaning of statistics—lists of missionaries, and records of deeds accomplished. We are no longer alone. We are part of an army of loyal Christians, animated by a single purpose: the elevation of woman everywhere in the name of her risen Lord.

We heartily commend these sketches to all who are interested in any form of missionary work, and still further trust their influence for good may reach those who are as yet indifferent to the great aggressive work of the Church.

The price of the book brings it within the reach of all—50 cents in paper covers, 75 cents in muslin. Copies may be obtained from the publisher, or from the headquarters of any woman's foreign missionary society. L. A. S.

A WHOLE generation of theological and Biblical students have grown up in the use of Fairbairn's "Typology," and the work still retains its hold upon the same class of persons without any diminution of favor or authority. It is at once learned, thorough, and eminently evangelical, and though treating of subjects upon which most men become more or less fanciful, it is always sober and judicious. We are pleased to see that such is the steady demand for the work that a new edition is called for, of which the first volume is already in hand, with the promise of the second soon to follow.* It is one of the books that students of the Bible and of Christian doctrines can not afford not to have at hand.

Amid the Shadows † is a story of domestic life, with its lights and shadows; but in this case the shadows predominate, as usual in

* THE TYPOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE: Viewed in connection with the whole series of the Divine Dispensations. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D., Principal of Free Church College, Glasgow. Vol. I, ninth edition, with enlarged index. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons. 8vo. Pp. 420.

† AMID THE SHADOWS. By Mary F. Martin, Author of "Mary Leighton," etc. New York: National Temperance Society. 12mo. Pp. 412.

temperance stories. It is well written, wholesome in its tone, and excellent as to its moral teachings and tendencies.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS appear to be fairly launched in the business of reproducing foreign religious novels, generally of the better class, though some of them are poor enough. Among the latest of these are:

The Children of the Kingdom; The Story of a Great Endeavor. By L. T. Meade, author of "Scamp and I," etc. 12mo. Pp. 338. A vivacious story, or succession of stories, chiefly of young people. *The Maiden's Lodge; or, None of Self and All of Thee.* A Tale of the Reign of Queen Anne. By Emily Sarah Holt, author of "Mistress Margery," etc. 12mo. Pp. 248. A really good and wholesome story. *Nellie Arundel.* A Tale of Home Life. By C. S., author of the "Gabled Farm." 12mo. Pp. 212. A London domestic story. *A Chip of the Old Block; Being the Story of Lionel King, of Kingholme Court.* By Emma Marshall, author of "Stellafont Abbey," etc. 18mo. Pp. 121. A sketch of a good man's life and death. These are all good books of their class, and externally they are elegantly "gotten up."

The Broken Looking-glass; or, Mrs. Dorothy Cape's Recollections of Service, by Maria Louisa Charlesworth (12mo., pp. 313), is among the best of the many good books by the author of "Ministering Children." We say this advisedly, though the praise is very high, having carefully examined the first edition with a view to its republication. *Framilade Hall; or, Before Honor is Humility.* By Emma Marshall, author of "Miss Haycock's Chronicles." 18mo. Pp. 128. *How a Farthing made a Fortune; or, Honesty is the Best Policy.* By Mrs. E. C. Bowen. 18mo. Pp. 153. Three pleasant little story books, such as female authors write, and which evidently young people read, else they would not continue to be published. Though not positively harmful, yet they must be rather light feeding for thoughtful minds.

The Interpreter's House; or, Sermons to Children, by William Wilberforce Newton (18mo, pp. 349), is a really good book, and can not fail to be attractive to any boy or girl whose taste has not been vitiated by too much use of

the light reading produced by even our religious publishing houses, and found in abundance in Sunday-school libraries. Mr. Newton seems to be especially adapted to this kind of writing both by his capabilities and his inclinations.

Among Robert Carter & Brothers' latest issues of religious fictions are the following:

Muriel Bertram. A Tale. By Agnes Giberne, author of "Aimee," etc. 12mo. Pp. 536. *Hester Truworth's Royalty.* By the author of the "Win and Wear" series. 12mo. Pp. 337. Both of these are as to their matter among the best of their class, while in their material dress they are equal to the best.

They have also just issued Dr. J. R. Macduff's *Memories of Palmos; or, Some of the Great Words and Visions of the Apocalypse*, a work somewhat expository, but much more devoutly, even rapturously, appreciative—good, wise, and valuable meditations on matters of the highest possible importance.

Two new volumes have been added to the series of "English Men of Letters," edited by John Morley, and republished in this country by Harper & Brothers—*Bunyan*, by James Anthony Froude, and *Chaucer*, by Adolphus Willard Ward, carrying the whole number issued up to sixteen, with more to follow. The sketch of Bunyan (12mo, pp. 178) is just what might be expected of such a writer as Mr. Froude, treating of such a subject as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and of the "Holy War." On the literary and philosophical side no better delineator need be desired, and on the theological and religious no worse or more inadequate could well be found. It is, indeed, wholly impossible for a universal skeptic duly to appreciate such a character as Bunyan, or, having most improperly become his biographer, to do him justice. The sketch of Chaucer (12mo, pp. 199) is but sparingly biographical, being chiefly literary and critical, and the writer evidently enters upon his task *con amore*, and yet not with a blind admiration. The place of father of English poetry is asserted for the author of "Canterbury Tales," and the claim is not only justified, but also greatly enlarged and illustrated. If we mistake not, this one will prove to be among the very best numbers of the series.

EX CATHEDRA.

OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

WE have heard the expression on several distinct occasions within the recent past, "our next great Church movement should be in favor of our educational interests," and because those expressions put into words our own deep convictions, they the more deeply impressed and interested us. To a very limited extent we have, as a Church, been somewhat actively engaged in the promotion of education for over half a century. The zeal and energy displayed at the beginning of the movement were rather remarkable and certainly very highly honorable, though, from the necessities of the case, the scale on which things were done was a very limited one. And yet these first efforts achieved really excellent results. The large boarding seminaries for pupils of both sexes, found chiefly in New England and some of the Middle States, and somewhat in the middle West, accomplished a good work, which still continues to a limited extent, though the development of the intermediate public schools throughout those States has somewhat interfered with their growth. More recently the Church's attention has been chiefly directed to the higher forms of education, as given in colleges (proper) and theological schools, although in many parts of its work there is still an unanswered demand for academical institutions.

It is evident also that for the last twenty years the progress of our educational affairs has not kept pace with the enlargement of the Church and the growth of its principal benevolences. During those years while the membership of the Church has nearly doubled, and their private wealth more than quadrupled, the growth of our higher literary institutions, whether in students or in property, has advanced comparatively slowly. The necessity for increased expenditures has also been felt and yielded to, and as the result scarcely any one of our higher institutions can get on without large contributions with which to meet their current expenses. It can not be denied that these institutions are not in a satisfactory condition financially, and that on account of the embarrassments from that source all their affairs are suffering. The con-

viction of these things has suggested the expressions referred to at the beginning of this paper. Our people are more than ever before convinced of the necessity of prosecuting the interests of collegiate education under the auspices of the Church, and they are beginning to feel that an advance movement is imperatively called for.

In order to place the educational affairs of the Church in a satisfactory shape, the first great requisite is a large amount of money, very much larger than has hitherto been possessed and enjoyed by any of our institutions. All of these are now moving feebly and painfully for want of funds, the faculties are inadequately paid, needed appliances for education are not at hand, and, generally, there is a lack of many things which can not be had without money. The members of the faculties of instruction are embarrassed by poverty, the students fail to gain the advantages that should be brought to them, and the boards of trustees find themselves all the time confronted by demands to which they can not respond. The time has, therefore, come when our men of means must take hold of this business with a strong hand, and meet the demands of the case with a liberality hitherto unknown, except in a few recent cases, chiefly about New York. No institution of collegiate grade can be properly conducted without productive endowments equal to half a million dollars, and a whole million should be considered as requisite to its proper management. There is evidently sufficient ability among the people, and we believe the needed liberality will not be found wanting whenever the case shall be properly made out and presented. But for that purpose there must be a free examination of the subject, with mind acting upon mind, thus giving the inspiration and stimulus that comes only of hearty and concerted action. There must also be the assurance that the money when given will be carefully kept and sacredly devoted to the cause for which it is designed. The history of past transactions is not assuring in that respect; but it is quite possible, as certainly it is desirable, that funds may be so invested that neither the faculty of

the college nor the board of trustees themselves can use the funds for any but their appropriate purposes. Wesleyan University, after suffering largely in that matter, adopted a method, through an amendment to its charter, by which none of its permanent funds can be spent, or in any way alienated from their true end. Something of that kind is necessary in all cases, if the liberality of our people is to be called out and made available.

Our institutions of learning are in many cases scarcely more than nominally Church institutions. Some of them are almost entirely independent organizations and still more are only remotely connected with the working machinery of the denomination. The superintendency of the Church does not cover them, nor are they at all subject to either the legislative or the executive action of the General Conference. Too much subjection of the boards of trustees of our colleges and seminaries to ecclesiastical authority is certainly not to be desired; and yet it may be doubted whether the almost complete independence of these boards of any Church control or authoritative oversight is not itself an evil. Certainly, in fact, and also if it may be so, in form likewise, our institutions of learning should be closely connected with the Church itself. As they must live *by* the Church and *for* the Church, it seems only fitting that they should be in some not merely nominal way subject to the Church's guidance. But above every thing else, the religious element should be prominently and controllingly present in our schools. Sad experiences have shown that even Church institutions are not always nurseries of piety nor even of good morals; while, on the other hand, it is equally certain that it is possible to make them quite the equals of Christian homes, especially for the promotion of conversions. And we do not hesitate to say that the Methodist institution which fails at this point forfeits its own right to be. The religious *status* of the school must be made the primary concern with all who have charge of its affairs. A wide-spread revival of religion of the genuine Methodist and New Testament type among a body of students is an event of inestimable value, a blessing with which no degree of temporal or financial prosperity can be compared. Hitherto our institutions have suffered not a little by too frequent changes

of some of the chief officers of government and instruction. It may be hoped that with better endowments this evil will be abated. Certainly the Church has no higher or more sacredly responsible position to offer to any one than the presidency of one of her chief colleges or theological seminaries, and the incumbents of these places should recognize that fact and steadily refuse to be allured away to any other positions. An office is degraded when it is used as a stepping-stone to some other place. More than forty years ago the early apostle of Methodist collegiate education declined the episcopacy in favor of his own chosen work. Let his successor consider his example.

DEATH OF DR. DASHIELL.

WHEN, two months since, we inserted in these pages a brief note respecting the death of Bishop Haven, the shadow of two other great sorrows was resting upon us. Simultaneously, almost to the hour, with the demise of the bishop, departed also a member of the New York East Conference—Rev. William Macallister—less known, indeed, to fame than the others, though not without an honorable local reputation, whom we had known and cherished for thirty-five consecutive years as a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel and a man upon whose good name there was no shadow of disgrace, but who was known to us chiefly as a faithful personal friend. The time of these two deaths was almost exactly the same with that of the revelation to his friends of the fatal and hopeless character of the disease under which they had seen Dr. Dashiell to be suffering for several months previous. Thus almost at once were three cherished friends stricken down at our side, who now seem to our lacerated feelings to have been nearer than almost any that survive them.

Of the public career of Dr. Dashiell, and of the qualities of heart and mind, the attainments and habits that made up the basis of his public reputation, we willingly leave others to speak, not doubting that proper respect will be shown to his memory. We choose rather to think and speak of him as he appeared in the narrower and closer relations of private and personal life. This began with us some ten years ago, but became much closer and more constant eight years since, when he

first came into the office of the Missionary Secretaryship, where we were naturally brought into frequent and informal connections. Personally we were friends, and both of us had perhaps come into our several places by the other's help; but we had never been intimate, and there were existing facts that might seem likely to keep us somewhat apart. We were not of the same parties either ecclesiastically or politically, and both were sufficiently pronounced in our opinions, and not disposed to surrender them lightly. But we had both learned to tolerate dissent from our own convictions, and not to make differences of opinion an occasion for personal alienations. Being thus thrown together in the discharge of our several duties, we met each other as friends and fellow-workers, each giving and receiving the considerations due to and from each other.

It would, indeed, be something to be regretted if between two Methodist ministers thus brought together there should not grow up something of personal esteem. But with Dr. Dashiell such a thing was indeed impossible, unless for positive reasons, in some particular cases, he found cause to shut up his heart in silent reserve. He was, however, beyond most men open-hearted, frank, and genial among his friends—in which category he seemed to include all with whom he was brought into personal relations, unless he had found positive reasons for withholding his confidence. And as such we knew him for these almost eight successive years,—always cheerful and sunny, full of hopes and high purposes and resolves, ambitious without intrigues, and coveting the best things, without a shade of envy at the success of others. He was reverent and devout, without a spark of fanaticism, and his religious life was free alike from morbid mysticism on the one hand and from sour austerity on the other—a sober, earnest, cheerful godliness.

Such repeated deaths among one's most intimate friends can not fail to render impressive the fact of the constant nearness of death and one's liability at all times to its advent; and the survivors, after such decimations from their ranks, are almost in doubt whether they themselves are yet alive, or are not on the verge of passing away also. The region and state of the dead are brought very near to us when the friends of our past years, coming

down to yesterday, are to-day borne away into the "land of darkness and the shadow of death," "that unfrequented country, from whose bourne no traveler returns." It is, perhaps, useful for the living thus to consider these things, that the emptiness and the transitory character of earthly things may be justly estimated. And yet even this may be carried quite too far, since while we live we have our duties in this world, in which we should be above all things else concerned.

This sudden removal of able and effective ministers of Christ from the activities of life, with its promises and hopes, its ambitions and high purposes, presents to our consideration a form of experience much less frequently dwelt upon than some others, yet especially deserving of attention. Ripe old age is the natural time to die, and continuous and protracted sickness accomplishes for its subjects much the same results; and by a kindly law of our nature, with which grace may also co-operate, the fear of death is usually dissipated as that solemn transition is thus neared by steady and irreversible approaches. But the case is quite otherwise when at life's high noon, with its present activities and its purposes for the future, with laudable ambitions looking out into coming years, that seem to be burdened with promised successes. Then, indeed, is the announcement of death's near approach doubly terrible. The best of men have a strong, natural, and instinctive love of life, which wasting sickness may destroy or the natural decadence of years wear out; but while occupied in life's duties and interested in the enterprises of life, death is practically removed to the distant future; and if then it comes suddenly and unawares, it is always more than unwelcome. The crushing out of such high hopes, and present hasty preparations of the mind for a speedy exit from all present cares and concerns, constitutes the severest possible test of one's faith.

We observed this process in the case of Dr. Dashiell with a lively interest. Few men had more to make him cherish life than he had. His social and domestic relations were at once rich and happy. His physical make-up was such as to be itself a perpetual source of real pleasure; his mind strongly inclined to be joyous in all his estimates of the present and anticipations of the future. He was no doubt

ambitions, but his attainments had uniformly answered to his aspirations; so that even his high hopes became causes of enjoyment, and the future promised still further favors in the same line. And yet, with all these advantages—which beyond all else might seem to render death a terrible despoiling—at life's high noon came suddenly the fatal announcement that his work was done, that he had only to die. Just what were his mental and spiritual exercises as the conviction of these things forced themselves upon him can not be told; but this we know, that he met his fate with the nerve of a philosopher and with the steady faith of a Christian. We have learned to lay but little stress upon the reported utterances of the dying, but the calm and steady expressions of faith in the near view of death, while the powers of the mind remain in full force, are inestimably precious. And such was, in an eminent degree, that sober but confiding declaration made by Dr. Dashiell some time before his decease. In answer to the inquiry of a friend as to the outlook into the future, he is reported to have replied: "When I look downward upon myself and the world, all is clouds and darkness; but when I look upward, the hills are radiant with the divine glory." And just such are the aspects of the case to us, who live to mourn over his death, but also to rejoice in his departure to be with Christ; on our sides all is clouds and darkness, but on his only is the excellent glory.

THE "SALVATION ARMY."

ONE day early in March last a company of half a dozen or more men and women appeared in New York, having lately arrived from England, who announced themselves as the advance guard of a larger number, as members and representatives of an organization called by themselves the "Salvation Army." They are, as their style would suggest, evangelists, representing a voluntary and non-ecclesiastical organization, designed for aggressive work, for the conversion of the unsaved masses found so fearfully numerous in our great cities, and over whom the Churches seem to have very little direct influence. They are reported to be orthodox in their beliefs and teachings, dwelling especially upon the great doctrines of sin, and salvation by the atonement of Christ and the power of the Holy

Ghost, and especially never losing sight of the fact of the real presence and the subtle devices of the great adversary. Their methods are distinctively aggressive, as becomes an attacking guerrilla force. They are also evidently self assertive, and they tell in advance—and some may think a little ostentatiously—what they are and what they propose to do. Their organization is somewhat military in form, with an undue proportion of officers, with military titles, and they also wear a regalia, or uniform, in which the various official ranks, from commandant downward, are duly indicated and distinguished.

Of the success or failure, the strength or the weakness, of this particular movement, it would be an act of temerity to attempt at this stage to speak positively, and wisely discreet persons, taught by the lessons of the past, will adopt the policy and the counsel of Gamaliel, to "refrain from these men and let them alone;" for if their work is of God, then they should be encouraged; and if not, it will soon come to nought—not, however, without having done some real and abiding mischief. It must also be remembered, as one of the lessons taught us by the history of religion, that in not a few instances extra-ecclesiastical agencies have seemed to be necessary to arouse the Church from its Laodicean dullness, and to lead it forward in its work of saving men's souls. While we must look to the organic Church as the principal and perpetual agency for the establishment and maintenance of Christ's kingdom in the world, there seems also to be a need for other and less formally regulated agencies, especially for arousing the Church to its own duties, and also for making aggressions upon those whom the Church's ordinary agencies fail effectually to reach. This was eminently the case in Great Britain at the time of the great Methodist movement of the last century, when the Church authorities of that kingdom fell into the disastrous mistake of either disregarding or opposing that movement; and now, as a consequence, half of the Protestantism of the kingdom is outside of the national Church, with a much larger proportion of the real religious life.

There is, indeed, but little danger that the mistake then made will be repeated; perhaps the tendency is to the other extreme—a kind of

tacit acceptance of the notion that any really aggressive Christian work, in order to be effective, must be carried on outside of all regular ecclesiastical organizations. This tendency is, we think, more manifest in Great Britain than in this country, of which the more marked effects of the Moody movement in that country; as compared with this, were at once the results and the evidences. The revival practices of most of the evangelical Churches of this country were comparatively but little known among the Churches of Great Britain, so that a new field was entered upon in that country; and out of the success of that work has grown up certain extra-ecclesiastical evangelistic organizations, which are designed to perform a work which the Churches in that country fail to do, but which is thoroughly attended to by the evangelical Churches of this country. The experiment is not without its perils, and it would be almost too much to expect that it would be entirely free from evil results; and yet there is good reason to hope that much more of good than of harm will come of it. There is a wonderful restorative power in Christian truth, and though mixed with a great deal of human folly, both of head and heart, it is still mightily effective for good. The preaching of the truths of the Gospel, though from motives much below the simplicity of the spirit of the Gospel, is nevertheless oftentimes highly effective of good results; and it is not safe to forbid any who speak in the name of Christ because they are not of our party.

In this spirit we have endeavored to look at all such eccentric and exceptional movements as those of these "Salvation Army" people. If the great Head of the Church can use them for the furtherance of his cause in the world, we will rejoice in their work; and while doubtful as to what they are, we would still hesitate to oppose them "lest, haply, we be found even to fight against God." And yet we confess to certain most decided misgivings, caused by certain things seen in their manners and movements. A little too much ostentatiousness of manner and of earnest self-assertion seems to display itself. An unnecessary amount of organization and machinery, too many officers ("many masters"), too much regalia, an undue amount of announcing in advance what is about to be done, and in general

a self-asserting egotism that does not savor of the Gospel, give room for a fear that the whole movement may lack the godly humility and simplicity required for its highest effectiveness. They who set themselves to reform the world must show themselves to be unselfish in their work, and they who would lead men to Christ must display in all their conduct and methods the simplicity and humility of Christ. Some things that appear in the displays made by these "soldiers of Christ," these latest "crusaders," make us afraid for them. And yet because of the great necessity for some agency that may reach the festering and perishing masses of our great cities, we are inclined to look hopefully towards any effort in that direction, and to wish them God speed.

It is not necessary to call attention to Dr. G. L. Taylor's poem in our present number; for it will surely sufficiently attract the attention of every thoughtful reader. It is a production of the class of Pope's "Essay on Man," where the vehicle of verse is used to transport a very heavy burden of solid thought, by which, indeed, the special poetical excellences of the vehicle may be concealed by the superincumbent mass of deep philosophy. It will, however, be found decidedly readable, and also thought-provoking. We do not, however, for a moment accept it as solving the profound problems with which it deals. In his failure, however, the writer has an abundance of distinguished companions, among whom are such philosophers as Leibnitz and Bledsoe, and such poets as Pope, and Goethe, and Shelley—not to name the author of "Bitter-Sweet"—and of learned divines "a very great multitude." All these have by turns tried their hands upon the weighty theme, and, like the sailors with the bow of Ulysses, each has in turn failed in his efforts; though, somehow, each seems to have thought that he had hit the mark. Milton makes the discussion of these points the pastime of the lost spirits. Perhaps it would be wise to leave it to them. No doubt, God's ways are all right; they are also "past finding out," and all our theodocies are superserviceable attempts to justify the divine dispensations in a court before which he refuses to plead.